PART FIRST. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

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## A SUPPOSED MANIAC

**Disturbs the Program of Russians' Visit to Paris.**

**The Crank Suddenly Pulls a Revolver From His Pocket and Fires Into a Crowd.**

PARIS, Oct. 21.—The outrageous conduct of a supposed maniac has disturbed the peaceful program of the Russian visit, and cast a damper over the festivities. Early this morning, as the Russians were returning to the military club, after a whole day of enjoyment, a man, who was in the crowd watching the Russian officers enter the club, suddenly drew a revolver and fired it into the thick of the throngs of people assembled on the Place de l'Opera.

The shot caused a panic, for it was believed that one of the Russians had been shot in fact, the report spread that an attempt had been made upon the life of Admiral Avellan by a German lunatic. This report, however, is without foundation. The man who fired the shot into the crowd was promptly seized by citizens and handed over to the police, who made a rush in force to the scene of the disturbance. The prisoner, a man about fifty years of age, was taken into the military club, where he gave the name of Willis. Being questioned as to his motive in shooting he said that he suffered the utmost misery and had become sick at seeing the cities squander upon foreigners while many thousands of Frenchmen in Paris alone were suffering from the want of a loaf of bread to give to their starving families. Continuing Willis said that he wished to protest against such an outrage and that he thought the best way to do so was to attract attention to the wilful waste of money. The Russian officers have received the czar's orders not to dance until after the funeral of Marshal MacMahon, and, in consequence, the Russians merely walked through the gaily decorated saloons of the Hotel de Ville last night, where they were the guests of the military company.

## CREW ARRESTED.

**The Grand Trunk Week Due to Their Disobedience.**

**Nine of the Shared Bodies Have Been Identified by Means of Their Clothing and Possessions.**

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 21.—Conductor Burt N. Scott and Engineer Henry Wesley have been arrested, charged with responsibility for the wreck of the trains on the Grand Trunk railway yesterday morning. Scott gave bail in the sum of $3,000 for his appearance in court, and Wesley, being unable to furnish bail, was locked up at Marshall. The death list has not increased since yesterday's report. Twenty-seven were killed and twenty-seven injured.

Of the dead nine have been identified by means of their clothing or contents of their pockets. They are:

Mrs. C. Van Dusen, Spoutbrook, N. Y., burned in the wreck before she could be got out.

Mrs. F. R. McKenzie, Middletown, Conn., burned to a crisp.

C. C. Van Dusen, Spoutbrook, N. Y., died in the hospital.

W. W. Henry, Woonsocket, R. I., burned to a crisp.

J. W. Beardsley, Watkins, N. Y., bufned and mangled.

T. A. McIlarvey, Hamilton, Ont., burned and mangled.

Mrs. Albert Bradley, Toledo, Ohio, burned and mangled; identified by her father.

B. J. Magoon, Providence, R. I., burned and mangled.

F. H. Smith, Fort Plain, N. Y.

A number of telegrams of inquiry concerning persons who were supposed to have been on the train are being received.

The scene of all attempts at identification has been changed from the morgue in the basement of Farley & Rager's undertaking establishment to the office of Dr. G. Gillette, the coroner. In a little back room of his office are the relics of the wreck that are apt to have anything particular to do with those that have perished. In one corner of this little room are twenty-six sacks. Each one of these sacks is labelled and neatly tied.

In some cases small paper boxes are employed instead of the paper sacks. On the table in the center of the room are a number of charred relics that were found in the ruins that were on no particular body. It is thought these may be able to satisfy those who have friends missing that they were in the wreck.

## MATABELES DEFEATED.

**The British Drive Them Back at Great Loss.**

**Capture Their Works and Kill Over One Hundred of Their Soldiers—Other Reports Denied.**

CAPE TOWN, Oct. 21.—There is also lately no truth in the sensational reports cabled to the United States that the Matabeles have defeated the British colonists forces. On the contrary, the British columns have been victorious in two engagements and are now advancing upon Bulawayo, the capital of King Lobengulas territory. The British chartered companies officials at Fort Victoria sent a dispatch to the government officials here yesterday evening, announcing that the column which had been advancing upon the Matabele impis or armies, had encountered the enemy and, after several sharp minor engagements, had met and defeated the Matabeles on October 16th, at the Indiamas mountain. The dispatches also announce that at the same time the Fort Salisbury column had engaged and defeated the enemy near the same place. The two columns eventually formed a junction, driving the Matabeles before them and then began advancing in full force upon Bulawayo. Administrator Jameson rode between the two columns, thus insuring co-operation. The reports add that with ordinary luck the combined Fort Victoria and Fort Salisbury columns should be able to cope with any number of Matabeles. The Fort Charter column also took an active part in the engagement. Captain Campbell was shot in the leg, but the wounded limb was afterwards easily amputated and no other casualties are reported up to the present on the side of the colonists.

The number of Matabeles killed in the engagement with the Victoria column is estimated at 100.

## ON THE SHOOT.

**A Drunken Indian Makes War on His Tribe.**

**Kills One Man, Wounds a Squaw, a Negro, a Chinaman and Two Indians and Runs to the Woods.**

WINNEMUCCA, Oct. 21.—A drunken Indian shot and instantly killed another Indian, also a squaw, and wounded a colored woman, a Chinaman, and two other Indians over a game of cards here yesterday and then divesting himself of all clothing and with a breech loading shotgun in hand broke for a large clump of willows about a mile above town where the Humboldt runs through. The officers immediately gave pursuit with a posse of citizens and surrounded the willows, and in a short time discovered the murderer hiding half submerged in the water. He was called upon to surrender, offered no resistance and was lodged in jail.

### LOCAL LINES.

Dr. C. B. Stemen is very ill.

Chas. L. McIntosh, of Maples, has gone to the world's fair.

Charles F. Taylor, of Chicago, is visiting his family for a few days.

Joseph Will has returned from a two weeks' visit at the world's fair.

Miss Anna Moore and sister, of St. Joe, Mo., are the guests of Miss Vera Morgan.

The interesting play of "The Ladder of Fame" will be produced at Neary's theater tonight.

The little niece of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Estry, of 432 Bradway, is very ill with scarlet fever.

Miss Tillie Middleton, of Lasalle street, left this morning to visit friends in the world's fair city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Coenne, who have been the guests of J. H. Ash and family, returned to their home in Pittsburg today.

This morning a crowd of Fort Wayne boys left on a hunting trip six miles east of this city. Those who took part in it were Charles Pape, Henry Renz, Henry Hagemann, Ed Scheinsen, Charles Engelking, Gus Etsold, Hank Shafer, Fredericks, Etsold, Fred Shafer, and Charles Hanke, the expert tailor of New Haven.

Nearly every seat in the Temple was occupied last evening, the attraction being Modjeska in "The Merchant of Venice." "Portia" as interpreted by Modjeska was good, but did not please the audience as well as Otis Skinner's rendition of "Shylock." Other characters in the play were well taken and the performance gave general satisfaction.

E. L. Barber, the well known traveling man, is in the city today. He made Fort Wayne at this unusual time on account of being made a grandfather by the birth to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Barber of a handsome baby boy. Grandpa Barber is receiving congratulations and is doing as well as the circumstances and gravity of the situation will permit.

John W. Pittinger, of Upland, is in the city the guest of Dr. L. A. Worch. Mr. Pittinger may justly be called the father of Upland, as he is one of its first and most influential citizens. He is secretary of the glass works, founder of the bank and is connected with many other worthy enterprises of that city. He reports the place in a flourishing condition and many new houses being built. Last month fifty seven new lots were sold.

**A Successful Railroad Man.**

Mr. Lucius Tuttle, who recently succeeded A. A. McLeod as president of the Boston and Maine railroad, is a comparatively young man for such a responsible position as that to which he has been called, but is considered a railroad man of great ability and has certainly had wide and varied experience. He was born in Hartford in 1848 and has been in the railroad business ever since he was 19 years old. Mr. Tuttle has been vice president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road for the past two years. He engineered the deal that brought the Old Colony road into the Consolidated system and was thought to have negotiations under way for the leasing of the Concord and Montreal by the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

LUCIUS TUTTLE.

## ROBY GETS FIRST BLOOD

**In the Legal Proceedings It is Having With the State.**

**The Supreme Court Orders the Club House Taken Out of the Hands of the Receiver.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 21.—The attorneys for the Columbian Athletic association filed an application for a writ of supersedeas in the supreme court yesterday, asking that it be restored to the possession of its property, which was placed in the hands of a receiver some time ago.

Accompanying the petition was a brief, which declared that the restraining order against the club undertakes to prohibit it from the commission of criminal acts and does not assume to protect any equitable or civil right, and a receiver was appointed for the sole purpose, it is asserted, of taking hold of the club's property to prevent the commission of crime. The brief also says that there are no creditors of the club and that no stockholder or any one interested in its affairs complains of its management; that the receiver was appointed without notice to the club, and the court is asked to restore the property to its possession.

The supersedeas was granted into yesterday afternoon and the property will be taken from the receiver's hands. The club will be required to hold the property intact while the case is pending, and will be liable on its bond for any failure to do so.

When the supersedeas was filed the state determined not to resist its issuance, as holding the property from its owners involved a responsibility that the authorities did not care to continue longer if it could be avoided. If any one had set fire to the clubhouse, or anything had occurred to cause the property to deteriorate while in possession of the receiver, the state would be responsible for the resultant damage and for this reason the authorities were content for its control to pass to its owners.

A rumor followed the granting of the supersedeas that is causing no little air in official circles. It is said that Dominick O'Malley, president of the club, having failed to arrange for the Corbett-Mitchell mill at Coney Island, was anxious to get possession of the club house again and that he intended to have the bout at Roby, believing that his bond filed when taking an appeal to the supreme court from Judge Gillett's decision, was all that the state could demand and that the officers would be powerless to interfere to prevent the fight. The governor's attention was called to the rumor and he replied that he had heard it but knew nothing certain as to O'Malley's intentions.

"If it be true that he is arranging for the Corbett-Mitchell fight at Roby," said the governor, "you may rest assured that it will not take place. I have started out to prevent such exhibitions in this state and I will stop the fight if I have to order out every militiaman in the state. I have been requested by the local authorities to interfere and enforce the law, and I regard that request as sufficient to justify me in the use of the militia in suppressing any prize fight that may be arranged by the Columbian club and I will do it regardless of expense, either of time of or money."

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Dominick O'Malley writes to a friend in this city, and says that the Columbia Athletic club will positively open for business on December 11 or thereabouts and that big purses for star pugilists will prevail.

### BRIBED THE JURY.

**Two Prominent Men Arrested on That Charge.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 21.—Ex State Senator William J. Dunn and Frank McManus, the well known politician, have been arrested on a charge of jury bribing. They are charged with unduly influencing the jury which acquitted Actor M. B. Curtis, of the murder of Policeman Grant. A few days ago the *Examiner* printed a story that McManus and Dunn were trying to force Curtis to pay them $8,000 which they claimed to have expended in securing his acquittal. This story and subsequent developments led to the arrests. Chief of Police Crowley said: "I do not intend to stop with the arrests of McManus and Dunn. Several people much higher in the social scale will soon had themselves in an embarrassing predicament. Two of the Curtis jurors have done things that would convict them in any court, of having taken bribes, and I do not propose to permit these men to go free." Attorney Wilson, who defended Curtis, says he does not believe the jury was bribed, but thinks McManus and Dunn tried to extort money from his client.

### PRISONERS ESCAPE.

**Remove a Ventilator and Escape From the Jail at Lima, Ohio.**

LIMA, Ohio, Oct. 21.—Late yesterday afternoon two prisoners escaped from the city prison. They removed a ventilator and crawled into the cellar, thence to the street. Their escape was not discovered until supper time. One of the prisoners, James Keenan, was arrested with a large amount of jewelry on his person. The other was a negro arrested for stealing honey. This makes six deliveries from the city prison in six months.

### LORD VIVIAN.

**Death of the Sixth Ambassador to Italy.**

ROME, Oct. 21.—The British Ambassador to Italy, Lord Vivian, died at 7 o'clock this morning of pneumonia. Lord Vivian was appointed ambassador at Rome in 1891. King Humbert, yesterday, upon hearing of the British ambassador's sickness, sent Admiral Brin, the minister of foreign affairs, to make inquiries as to Lord Vivian's condition and to express sympathy with him and his family in his sickness.

## THE SUPREME COURT.

**Important Decision on the Law of Damages by Our Highest Court.**

**Firemen Must Take Their Chances When On a Burning Building Under a Fire.**

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 21.—An important decision on the law of damages and the obligation of owners of buildings in cities was rendered by the supreme court yesterday. Nancy Woolford, widow of one of the firemen who was killed in the Rosen-Merrill holocaust in 1890, sued the owners of the building for $10,000 damages, alleging that the husband's death was caused by the insecure condition of the structure. The supreme court decided against the widow and in the course of its opinion the court said:

"We are of the opinion that the owner of a building in a populous city does not owe it as a duty at common law, independent of any statute or ordinance, to keep such building safe, that firemen or other officers may enter it under a license conferred by the law. The ordinance contains nothing to indicate that the council had in mind firemen in case of a fire when it passed the law. It was evidently its purpose to protect citizens required to be in the vicinity of walls and buildings, in the construction of buildings owners are not bound to anticipate extraordinary events."

Judge Baker, of the federal court granted a perpetual injunction against the American Straw Board works at Noblesville, in the suit of the water company of this city to prevent the works from dumping refuse into the White river. The water company claimed that the refuse rendered the water impure and thus affected the water supply of the city. The straw board works will be compelled to close or cremate the refuse.

### TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

**Farmer Philips Shot His Nephew—A Criminal Arrested.**

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Oct. 21.—Farmer Michael Phillips saw a form go into his barn and heard the supposed thief enter the haymow. He fired through the boards and his nephew, Frank Geyer, answered, "Uncle, I am shot." The young man had come home late at night and, not wishing to disturb his uncle's family, went to the barn to sleep. Phillips has missed several chickens of late and thought his nephew was a chicken thief. Geyer may die.

BRAZIL, Ind., Oct. 21.—Thos. Spooner, the would-be assassin, is again in the clutches of the law. Spooner a few months ago seriously injured a mine boss at Clay City. He retreated to a vacant house, and when the officers tried to arrest him he covered them with a revolver and forced them to throw up their hands and abandon the premises. Then he fled to Litchfield, where he was arrested yesterday. He was brought to this city this evening and lodged in the county jail. A man bearing the description of Spooner is wanted at Cincinnati for murder. Spooner is an all-around crook and is a well known character in Illinois and Missouri, where he formerly resided.

### CAUGHT IN COSTA RICA.

**Francis Weeks Will be Returned Here to Face His Crime.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Francis H. Weeks, the absconding New York lawyer, who sought an asylum in Costa Rica, has been surrendered by that government to the United States authorities. The state department received a message to this effect last night from the United States consul at San Jose. The dispatch further says that Weeks will leave for New Orleans in charge of an officer next week on board the steamer Foxhall.

### DREXELL RETIRES.

**Withdraws His Interests from Many Business Houses.**

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—Anthony J. Drexell, jr., today retired from active business and withdrawn from the firms of Drexell & Co., Philadelphia, Drexel, Morgan & Co., New York, and Drexel, Harjes & Co., Paris.

**Pope and Mrs. Neilshaw.**

ROME, Oct. 21.—Pope Leo has ordered his nuncio at Paris to tender the condolence of the cabinet to the widow of Marshal McMahon. Cardinal Rampolla sent a second message containing the official condolence of the cabinet, addressed to the French government.

**Associate Justice.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—The president has appointed Needham C. Collier, of New Mexico to be associate justice of the supreme court for the territory of New Mexico.

For Indiana—Charles A. Bline, Corydon; Robert J. Gardner, Aurora.

If you want a good mild 10 cent cigar for 5 cents, call for the Red Cross made by Kaufer & Kohlmeyer, 130 Calhoun street.

There will be a meeting of the Relief union at Industrial school building, Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Born, to Chas. Weideman and wife, 97 Green street a girl baby.

## AGREE UPON A BILL.

**The Democratic Senators Arrive at a Conclusion**

**And Fix a Compromise Silver Repeal Bill Which Will Probably be Acceptable.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—The democratic committee virtually completed its labors on the compromise question of the repeal of the Sherman act today. The members of the committee admitted generally that they had virtually agreed upon a bill. It extends the provisions of the present silver purchasing law until the first of October, 1894, provides for the coinage of all silver now in the treasury, and also the refunding of all paper currency, except repeal silver certificates, below $10. There is no reference whatever in the bill to the bond question. Copies of the proposed bill were ordered for the use of the members of the senate on both sides of the chamber. Opinions differ as to when the bill will be formally presented in the senate. Some at the senators say it will be introduced before Tuesday next, but if it should appear upon inspection that it will prove acceptable to a majority of the senate it may be handed in at an earlier date. An additional feature of the bill agreed upon by the democratic managers is a provision for the coinage of silver to be purchased in the future. The republican silver men are displeased with the short limit as to the time that the Sherman law will continue in force and will probably oppose the bill almost to a man. The populists are also displeased with the measure for the same reasons. The bill will come in as an amendment to the present law.

## A GREAT FRAUD

**Is O. B. Potter, Who Was Arrested Yesterday.**

**He Poses First as a Publisher and Then as a Railway Conductor and Swindles Nearly Everybody.**

DENVER, Col., Oct. 21.—O. B. Potter, whose sensational wedding at Springfield, Ohio, was reported yesterday, was well known in Denver, although not a resident of the city. He is an impostor, who for five years has been traveling in the east claiming to own a half interest in the Rocky Mountain News. He has victimized ink and press manufacturers in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, by means of loans obtained on bogus drafts. For nearly a year the News was flooded with drafts drawn by Potter and he was thoroughly exposed at times in the principal daily papers of the country.

After that Potter posed as a conductor of the Santa Fe, having imposed upon the credulous in his operations. He frequently changed his name, and always convinced his victims of the truthfulness of his story.

## DARING DEED.

**Attempt to Rob the Postoffice at Valparaiso.**

**Discovered in the Act—An Officer Shoots One of the Robbers.**

Special to THE SENTINEL.

VALPARAISO, Ind., Oct. 21.—An attempt was made to enter the postoffice here shortly after midnight last night. Two men were at work on a rear door, when Officer Willoughby appeared through the alley. Instead of obeying the command to throw up his hands, the officer began firing at the men, one bullet from his revolver taking effect upon a robber. In spite of the wound, however, both men succeeded in escaping capture.

### BAD RUNAWAY.

**Chris. Hyde, of Aboite Township, Thrown Out and Hurt.**

A fearful runaway took place on Calhoun street at 3 o'clock this afternoon. A team of horses owned by Frederick Hyde, a Aboite township farmer, became frightened at an electric car. The team struck the curb in front of Gross & Pellens drug store and Chris Hyde was thrown out upon the sidewalk and hurt internally. The horses were stopped by colliding with a telegraph pole in front of Grimme's tailoring establishment. The tongue of the wagon was broken. The horses were unhurt. Dr. George C. Stemen attended young Hyde.

ANOTHER ONE.

Rev. Paschall, the pastor of the St. Paul M. E. church, and wife were out riding this morning. Their horse became frightened at an electric car and ran away.

Both Rev. and Mrs. Paschall were thrown out but were uninjured. The buggy was smashed to pieces.

**The Weather.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—Forecast till 8 p. m. Sunday. For Indiana—Fair, warmer, winds variable, shifting to southeast and becoming fresh and brisk on Lake Michigan Sunday.

Great interest is still centered in the St. Peter's Catholic fair. Now in progress at Library hall. Great crowds attend nightly and the voting is lively. A fine program has been arranged for tonight, one feature of which will be an exhibition drill between Wayne and Everett commanderies. Next week the voting contests will begin in earnest.

Grand Masquerade Ball at Science's hall, Thursday, Oct. 26th. Admission 50c. 5 7 9 14 17 21 26

## MURDEROUS ASSAULT

### Thugs Attack a Citizen on Wayne Street.

**John Fitzpatrick Almost Killed Last Evening.**

**He Had Just Drawn His Salary From the Pay Car and Was Going Home at 6 O'clock—Desperate Struggle.**

A desperate attempt at murder and robbery was made on West Wayne street at 6 o'clock last evening. The affair is one of the most atrocious in the annals of crime in Fort Wayne. The occurrence is rendered all the more despicable on account of the advanced age and feeble physical condition of the victim and the fact that the cowardly and murderous assault was made by two young men, whom greatest inducement for making the attack was $30 and a silver watch, worth, perhaps, $25.

NICKEL PLATE PAY DAY.

Yesterday was pay day for the employes of the Nickel Plate railway, in this city. The pay car stood on the tracks near the Harrison street crossing and not far from the Randall hotel. Among those who went to draw their pay was John Fitzpatrick, a good hearted son of Erin, who keeps watch at the gates of the Calhoun street crossing near the Nickel Plate depot. Mr. Fitzpatrick drew his month's salary, $30, and, with his dinner pail in one hand and an umbrella in the other, started for home.

ON DOWN ON THINGS.

It was a little after 6 o'clock, but, on account of the cloudy weather, was quite dark. Mr. Fitzpatrick started south on Harrison street, and, as is his custom, walked on towards Wayne street, where he usually turns and goes west towards his home on Bass street. Just after Fitzpatrick had passed the corner of Berry street he noticed that directly behind him were two men, who were in close communication and who were apparently watching him. He thought nothing of the matter, however, and did not think he was followed until he turned west on Wayne street. Here he quickened his pace, and the two men also walked faster.

THE SCUFFLE ASSAULT.

When Mr. Fitzpatrick was about opposite the residence of Thomas Hedekin, and in a spot where the electric light did not penetrate clearly, the two thugs sprang upon him. One dealt him a terrible blow upon the head with a blunt instrument of some kind. The old gentleman fell to the sidewalk in a half insensible condition, but having been a shillalah swinger in his younger days, quickly recovered himself and fought like a tiger. His face was covered with blood, which ran into his eyes and nearly blinded him. While one of the men attempted to go through his pockets the other kept raining blows upon the defenseless old man's face and head.

HE WAS GAME.

The plucky Irishman was game and fought and struggled until all three of the men were into the ditch. Fitzpatrick wielded his dinner pail and umbrella in desperate energy, all the while yelling "Murder! Murder!" One of his assailants pulled the dinner pail from the old man, leaving him only the handle. For fully twenty minutes the desperate fight continued in the ditch, and, strange to say, not a policeman or citizen appeared in sight. The day officers were all at the station house and the night men were just going on duty and it was a very opportune time for a robbery.

The cries of the struggling man finally attracted the attention of residents in the neighborhood, and a number of them rushed out and the murderous thugs were scared off.

BADLY HURT.

Fitzpatrick was badly cut about the head and covered with blood. He was so hoarse with shouting that he could scarcely speak above a whisper. He was also covered with mud and was well nigh exhausted. He finally managed to tell his story.

When the assault was first discovered some one rang up the police, and in a few moments the patrol wagon came thundering down the street. The injured man was taken to his home on Bass street, where he was tenderly cared for by his family.

SEEN BY A REPORTER.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was barely able to go to work this morning, but as he needs every cent he earns, went to the crossing as usual. He was early seen by a Sentinel representative. He said: "The two men who attacked me were about twenty five or twenty six years of age. One had on a loose fitting overcoat and the other a sack coat. They were tough looking fellows and both were slouch hats pulled down over their eyes. They ran south on Ewing street and then across the Pittsburg tracks. I think a policeman followed them."

Mr. Fitzpatrick was still hoarse and could hardly speak. His head showed a fearful bruise where he had been struck. His assailants did not get a cent of his money or his watch. The police are searching every nook and corner of the city for the thugs.

## RID OF HER HUSBAND.

**An Amateur Actress is Given a Divorce.**

**The Sheriff Captures One of the Interested Thieves—The Thieves Case Continued.**

In the superior court this morning, before Judge Dawson, Mollie A. Gardner was given a divorce from her husband, George W. Gardner, on the ground of abandonment and failure to provide. Her attorney was Hon. Robert Lowry.

The plaintiff in the case is an actress who for some time past has been a member of the Schroeder Dramatic company now playing at Schroeder's hall on Broadway.

She came from New Jersey and at Van Wert, Ohio, about three years ago, was married to Gardner, who was a sort of a worthless fellow and failed to provide for her support. She then left him, came to this city, and since then has been following the occupation of a seamstress, sewing in different families in this city. She is a pretty woman and has been quite a favorite with those who patronize the Schroeder theater.

The court in the decree granting the divorce restored the plaintiff her maiden name, Milly K. Mergel.

CAPTURED THE THIEVES.

THE SENTINEL last evening gave the account of the clever seed thieves who sold their plunder on Columbia street and then skipped out, with the sheriff and his deputy in hot pursuit.

One of the fellows was overtaken and caught near Monroeville by Sheriff Chamberlain and Deputy Sheriff Harrod. He confessed his crime, and was brought back to this city and lodged in jail. The sheriff pursued the other thief across the Ohio line, but failed to capture him.

The man caught gave his name as James Sullivan and his companion was his brother. His home, he asserted, was in Union township, Adams county, about eight miles south of Monroeville. The clover seed taken by them belonged to a farmer named Henry Rante who lives near Willshire.

THE THAYER CASE.

All the testimony in the case of the state against Dr. Thayer for man slaughter, has been completed and the arguments of the attorneys continued until next Friday. Justice Tenney, before whom the case was tried left this morning for Chicago to attend the world's fair.

PROBATE CASES DISMISSED.

The outcome of the cat and chicken affair between neighbors, the details of which were given in THE SENTINEL several days ago, were some provoke cases, and these were heard this morning by Justice France. As a result the justice acquitted Rose Farra of provoking Hattie Hoffman and also acquitted Clara Klingenberger of the same charge. The Leonard brothers appeared for the defendants.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Frank Alderman to Charles H. Worden, lot 3, Diffenderfer's sub addition, for $1,200; R. I. Romy, to Joseph M. Ferson, lot 69, Chestnut addition, for $450.

SURETY OF PEACE.

Elmer Leonard and Will Ryan for the state, and C. W. Kuhne for the defense, tried the surety of peace case against Joseph Karrier before Justice Ryan last night. The attorneys are making their arguments this afternoon.

### MISS RENA B. NELSON

**Elected State Secretary of a Synodical Missionary Society.**

Rev. J. S. Nelson, the pastor of Christ's lutheran church, and his daughter, Miss Rena B. Nelson, have returned from the meeting of the synod of Northern Indiana, which has been in session at Ligonier this state. He reports a full attendance and an interesting session. J. H. Keil, of this city, by delegate to said synod from Christ's church, was elected director of Wittenberg college, Springfield, Ohio. Miss Rena B. Nelson was elected state secretary of the Synodical Missionary society of said church. Miss Nelson is an active church worker, and her election to this important office is a compliment to her abilities.

**Don't Always Get Them.**

It is said that Colonel Zollinger, of Fort Wayne, is likely to be appointed state pension agent. It is an extremely chilly day when Colonel Zollinger and Ed. Hawkins get left.—Plymouth Democrat.

This leads Gen. Reub Williams, who was an applicant for state pension agent under President Harrison's administration, to say in his paper, the Warsaw Daily Times: "So it is. The colonel is one of the cleverest fellows in the world, but both Dan McDonald and ourself know that all the clever fellows don't get there. Zollinger's luck has never been excelled in all this land."

Emil Kettler royally entertained a few of his friends last evening at his East Wayne street home, in honor of his seventeenth birthday. He was the recipient of many fine presents. At midnight an elegant repast was served to the guests. Games and music were indulged in after which the guests wended their way home, through the early hours of the morning.

Charles Chapman, of the Nickel Plate office, has been confined to his home on West Jefferson street for the last few days by illness.

## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

**Fred Peters Nearly Crushed by a Heavy Elevator.**

**Face Badly Bruised and Several Teeth Knocked Out—Rescued From His Perilous Position—Casualties.**

Frederick Peters, of Lavina street, and who is employed at the Horton Manufacturing company's establishment, was saved from a frightful death yesterday while at his work. Mr. Peters was working on the second floor and had occasion to use the heavy freight elevator. He went to the shaft and looked down to see where the elevator was. The mouth of the shaft is guarded by a heavy two inch board. Mr. Peters was leaning over this board when the elevator platform, which was above and not below, suddenly began to descend. Peters was struck on the head and his face forced down against the board over which he was leaning. Almost by a miracle the heavy elevator stopped in its descent. Peters was wedged tightly under the elevator platform and could not be freed until the elevator was lifted. His face was badly bruised and several teeth had been knocked out, but aside from this he was unhurt. Peters owes his life to a miracle, for had the heavy elevator not stopped at the time it did he would have been crushed to death.

## PURE FOOD PRODUCTS.

**Results of Tests Made in the Interests of Retail Dealers and Their Patrons.**

**Fancy "Vienna" Patent Flour, Magnower Mills, Fort Wayne, Ind.**

"William Tell Flour."

Considering the widespread adulterations of food products, it is a pleasure indeed to be able to bestow unstinted praise upon those goods, and to commend them to the trade and public as being thoroughly pure and high grade in all respects.

As in all cases affecting the food supply, a crucial investigation was made in conformity with our usual methods and the result has been eminently creditable to this product, for its purity is established beyond question by severest test of a chemical laboratory unusually well equipped, and, moreover, our test kitchen demonstrates its highest excellence in all essential features.

The samples tested were purchased in open market, being identical with goods supplied consumers, and the intelligent reader will readily discriminate between such real test and the paid analysis of so-called "experts," who furnish reports to suit the manufacturer patronizing them. This paper recognizes no interests save those of the dealers who prefer to handle pure goods and the public which seeks protection from adulterated and dangerous food products.

Possessing unexcelled facilities for arriving at the truth, we test everything that is advertised, reporting just what we find. In this case the result shows that better or purer goods are not to be found in the market. They are such as the honest retailer can handle and recommend to his trade with perfect confidence in their superior worth, and the public can use with entire safety and satisfaction. They are absolutely pure and beyond adverse criticism.

### PERSONAL GOSSIP

**An Found in the Columns of Our Exchanges.**

The Columbia City Mail says: "Miss Bertha Kelsey, of Fort Wayne, visited her parents over Tuesday night."

The Bluffton News says: "H. H. Barnes and wife and Mrs. W. S. Smith, of Fort Wayne, are in the city to spend a week with relatives and friends.—Col. Clark Stanton, special examiner of the pension department, with headquarters at Fort Wayne, is making a tour of the country."

The Bluffton Banner says: "Mr. Thomas J. Jackson, of Fort Wayne, and Miss Alice J. Eale, of Zanesville, were married yesterday by Squire John O'Brien, at his office.—Misses Jessie Burwell and Lydia Bennett returned Sunday from a four days visit with friends at Fort Wayne."

The Mayville Bruce says: "Jesse Grice and wife are moving today to Fort Wayne, where they will make their future home at 196 East Jefferson street. For many years Mr. Grice has been closely identified with the interests of this town and vicinity, and in his leaving the town loses one of its most enterprising and respected citizens. In every effort for the upbuilding of the town Mr. Grice has always been found at the front. He is a man who will command respect in any community."

The Ossian News says: "Miss Lena Harrison, of Fort Wayne, spent Wednesday in the city the guest of Miss Margret Bond, who was home from the Conservatory to attend the missionary meetings.—Case Smith, of the Newspaper Union, Fort Wayne, was in town Tuesday evening attending the convention. While here he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Seibold in West Ossian.—A. W. Clark, of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday and Monday with his father who has been quite ill at his residence on La Fever street.—Peter Wickliff and George Walkel, of Fort Wayne, were in attendance at the races Wednesday."

Mr. Theodore Haberkorn, of Grand Rapids, is the guest of the Misses McPhail, of Ewing street, while en route to the world's fair.

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## The Evening Sentinel.

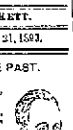
BY E. A. E. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1893.

### THIS DAY IN THE PAST.

1422—Charles VI of France died.

1822—Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect, was born in Wiltshire.



1826—Lord William Bentinck, known as "Retired Will," of Nassau, Castle, Cumberland, "retired" the last independent borough in Great Britain.

1776—Neith Phillips was executed. Hostilities for Father, and yet another were hung for the war of the American revolution.

1824—Louisiana, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, President Adams' 2nd inaugural, died.

1834—Robert John Temple, Lord Palmerston was born—died 1865.

1835—Daniel Edward Sickles, lawyer and politician, was born in New York city. Thirty Highlanders "Tom Brown" was born in Lincolnshire.

1843—Grace Darling died, aged 27.

1865—E. H. Pickett of the Boston Herald died at Newton Mass.

1872—The second steamship record was lowered to Sandy Hook 7 minutes by the City of Paris, Queenstown.

### TONIGHT.

CITY Y. M. C. A.—Concert by Dyved Lewis and other singers

LIBRARY HALL—Fair by the St. Peter's Catholic Church.

BAKERS' UNION—Regular meeting

CARPENTERS—Regular meeting

The nomination of Van Alen as ambassador to Italy was confirmed in the senate by a vote of 30 to 22.

Editor McDowell, of the Plymouth Democrat, is printing a series of highly interesting historical sketches dealing with local history.

The editor of the Goshen Daily Times may reflect some secret sorrow of his own when he says: "About the most discouraging thing that comes to a man in this life is the desire to thrash an energy coupled with the belief that he can't do it."

Are the employes of the railroads leading to Chicago are complaining of loss of rest and inability to handle world's fair traffic. They can blame only their superiors for the newspapers and the general public were united month ago in demands for the low rates which would have decimated the travel over several months.

Mrs. Sarah Cowen, the eccentric spinster who made many queer gifts to the town of Wilmington, Mass., died last Saturday. About two years ago she presented the town with a number of shares of stock, the income, after her death, to be used in painting houses in Wilmington. The condition of these having their houses painted was that they should not have kept a dog for two years.

The equipment of railway companies are alone responsible for the slaughter that has been going on for the past month. They held out for impossible rates in the early part of the exhibition and made terms which their patrons could afford to accept only were driven to it by a lack of models for imitation. The result is that the great crowds returning to Chicago at time rates, which would have otherwise been more equally divided throughout the six months of the exposition, and the carrying capacity of many lines are seriously overtaxed. The discomfort of it is found in the jam of the belated vehicles, the horrors of it in the daily diary of wrecks with constantly growing fatalities.

The printing fraternity seems to be faring well in the organization of the new republican administration at Indianapolis. The three members of the board of public safety are all closely identified with the craft. Colonel N. C. Buckle is a practical printer, and ex-president of the Baker-Randolph Co. Colonel John B. Connor is one of the editors of the Indiana Farmer, and John S. White, the democratic member of the board, is a printer in the employ of W. B. Burford. The new city clerk is a type compositor, direct from the case, and his chief assistant is a former fellow workman.

The mayor of Brooklyn declares that Mitchell and Corbett must go elsewhere to fight. The governor of Louisiana says that they shall not fight on that state. This leads the Indianapolis News to say: Governor Matthews' good example in reference to Roby is spreading, and indeed, inward Louisiana, for that state took a stand before our own governor did. But his attitude toward Roby was cited in the New York papers as something for Governor Flower to follow as to Coney Island. New local authority there is ceasing itself. It is to be hoped that these brutal sluggers will and no place on United States soil where they may fight.

It is very seldom that a man is found who has the physical ability to when an editor for editors are renowned as fighters in their own defense. Olive in vaille, however, some burly fellow catches the newspaper man unawares and gives him a thrashing, but when this happens the boys on the editorial side, and one advice to all is: Never tackle an editor. About a year ago Calvin Hazelbaker, popular candidate for congress, horsewhipped H. E. Lidle, editor of the Garrett Clipper, in an uncourteous manner on account of the appearance of certain articles in the Clipper which Hazelbaker considered reflecting on his character. Little said for a time damages, and yesterday a jury in the Noble county court awarded the 27 damages. Hazelbaker is a prominent member of Noble county bar and a leading

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DAILY CHICAGO EXCURSIONS

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## SECRET SOCIETIES

### MASONIC.

California Widows and Orphans' Home. Notes of Other Order.

The trustees of the California Widows and Orphans' Home of California have chosen a desirable building and work will at once begin. The Home will be erected on a site donated last month by the order at Berkeley, commanding a view and 12 miles distant from San Francisco. The building will be 150 feet in length and its extreme width 50 feet, the body of the structure being 36 feet wide. The rib of the roof will be 65 feet from the ground. The home will contain exclusive of furnishing, and will

cost, two hundred rooms, photo, cost, considerable accommodate 300 children and 30 adults. The conditions of admission, other than that the candidate must be children or widows of Masons, have not been decided.

The expense to the order in New York state for representatives attending grand lodge is approximately $[illegible] annually.

There are 1500 Chinese Masons of various orders in the world.

The Masons of Baltimore recently dedicated the national temple, formerly Christian church, 1850.

Tolerant lodge, Washington, has lodged Sat. Ex. Prince of the Rose Croix Masonry, and it is said that it was the very first time in the history of the national capital that Masons with the Rose Croix degree conferred with the Knights Templar.

Nevada, Missouri, lodge is 50 years old. Its charter dated 1843, and it has had only 12 masters in all the years of its existence. Its present master is the 12th in succession. Its membership is 150, and it is one of the most prosperous lodges in Missouri. Its officers are Masons, and the lodge is the only one in the state which has a full set of officers, including Tyler, Marshal, Sentinel, Organist, Musician, Chaplain, Master of Ceremonies

PART SECOND. 8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

# The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS. PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1893. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## ON THE PLEASANTS.

BILL NYE SAYS HE IS GETTING TO BE QUITE WELL KNOWN THERE.

A Pickpocket Meets Him in the Crowd and Mistakes Him For a Brother in Crime, Nye's Tam O'Shanter and the Office It Had To.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]

CHICAGO, OCT. 8.

MY DEAR SON—I should love to write one more letter from home before we leave, which is tomorrow morning.

This past week I have been down on the Pleasants and mere cities good to hear for, and this makes your mother almost happy.

I was much pleased with your letter of last week from New York, in which you touched up the traders for going absolutely to the dogs, with nothing but varieties and artistes, as you call them. That Lick so high, and I thought what you said, when you alluded to the priest, Hadley's remarks and Meade and Hamlin, was pretty good and showed that your disgust was being properly reflected.

I saw Carter Harrison Jr. before he died today. He is the mayor of Chicago. He is a fine looking man with an expressive face. He talks freely regarding personal affairs and wears a black felt hat, but does not put oil on his hair, as many mayors. He is undoubtedly the Governor Tillman of the west. He was a great favorite with the infants when she was in Chicago and is undoubtedly the coming duke of the West Side.

I was reminded of you the other day while mother and I were watching the big Ferris wheel go round.

"Transcomble," spake up a voice not far away that sounded like the thrill of a throttle, or some thing of that kind, "you cannot—oh, you cannot, be so wild as to say these words to me here in this great gathering of people—these words which to a young girl mean so much. Certainly you cannot be in earnest thus to use for my hand here, where the throng is thronging!"

"Aye, do I here, sweet one—here, where the great pulsing procession from the deserted universe has come to greet the wonders of earth and sea and sky and I offer to you my hand in marriage. Think how long we have known each other, Magnolia—or since we went at the sausage exhibit! Next Friday will be a week ago. Since then I have saw nothing else. I pay every day to see the Administration building and the art exhibit, but I do not see them. I see no one but you, Magnolia; no one but you. I have not even looked at the big wheel since next Friday was a week ago. I love you, Magnolia, and that is what is eating of me."

"Ah, it is so sudden, Transcomble," she said; "so unexpected; so confusing! And I am so jealous! But I accept you, dear. I accept your honest love. I take it to my heart, love, and we shall be happy together, Transcomble, so happy, as we glide hand in hand along down the sandy vista of our sweet united lives. Yes, Transcomble, you can pick your clothes in my trunk."

* * *

I got over the fence and went out where I could get more air. I crossed on to a place where a man from Quincy, Ills., had unharnessed his team and fed the horses corn in the car. I got up in the wagon and played with the buggy whip quite awhile and thought of my past, such as it is, and of you. Honey, faraway, try hard to be good enough to get married on by writing visiting cards in the corridor of a large hotel.

A college education is a big thing, Henry. It enables one to get a full array of information into a short job on account of a dollar a day writing visiting cards for wealthy people who cannot spell.

I wouldn't wonder if it gilded you so far above me in your fine education and massive unarticulated mind on writing cards that way for a thousand boys of wealth who have chosen poverty instead.

As the weather gets a little cooler, it can should feel that you need that cape overcoat that you have not last winter. I will go back to the one that I had all last winter. It is good enough at one does not allow the wind to blow it open and exhibit the tracks left by the lining when it escaped.

When I was at the mayor's office the other day, the man at the door came up. A man sent up his card, and the mayor asked if I would stand in and entertain this man. I said, "Yes, certainly, sir."

The man came in. He was pale and grieved. He looked a little hungry, but he looked as if he had been good.

"I hope that in requesting an audience, Mr. Mayor, I am not giving you annoyance."

"Not at all, not at all," said the mayor. "Thank you, sir, for thinking of the boys. You can never know how much good you have done me. I have been trying to fight the fire in cupolas and flapjacks and castles in Lombardy the stage by means of a lightwave drama, and a right fleet in September has deepened into good shading. You can never know how I am indebted to you. A jeweler told me that I might confer with the prater. I have come to you. I am in good. I am in good. I am in good

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, OCT. 21, 1893

# SOME OLD STORIES.

## INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE ON SEA AND LAND.

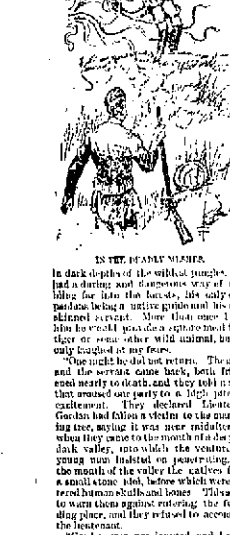
**The Search for the Man Eating Tiger of Ceylon and Its Fatal Termination—The Death Valley and Its Mystery—An English Army Officer's Story.**

[Copyright, 1893, by American Press Association.]

"It was one thing more than the love of sport and adventure that took me to Ceylon for a second visit," said Major Carter of his navy's service. "I had resolved to solve the mystery of Lieutenant Gordan's most unfortunate disappearance on that wild island the years before. Gordan was a fine fellow, young, brave and enthusiastic, with a promising future before him, and the opportunity of his life presented upon my mind.

"I had often heard weird whispers of the man killing tree of Ceylon, but I did not believe there was the least foundation for them. To my mind the story was a myth, for I had found a man might see cruelty in death the so called deadly upas and yet the story of the upas was never so improbable as that of the fearfulness of the tree so fine and blood.

"Lieutenant Gordan had shared my skepticism to a certain extent, and yet he was inclined to search for the demon tree.



IN THE DEADLY MIASMA.

in dark depths of the wild tropic jungle. He had a daring and dangerous way of rambling for hide the forests, his only companions being a native guide and his dark skinned servant. More than once I told him he would meet a poisonous reptile for a tiger or some other wild animal, but he only laughed at my fears.

"One night he did not return. The guide and the servant came back, both frightened nearly to death, and they told a story that aroused our party to a high pitch of excitement. They declared Lieutenant Gordan had fallen a victim to the man eating tree, saying it was pure misfortune to them that they came to the mouth of a deep and dark valley, into which the venturesome young man insisted on penetrating. At the mouth of the valley the native found a small stone idol, before which were scattered human skulls and bones. They served to warn them against entering the forbidding place, and they refused to accompany the lieutenant.

"Gordan was not daunted, and he bade them await his return, after which he boldly went down into the gloom of the place, leaving the natives trembling and protesting themselves before the idol.

"In about 20 minutes the guide and the servant heard a terrible shriek of fear and agony that came up from the mysterious and dismal valley. The cry was that of a human being in the greatest agony, and so frightened were the natives that they instantly took to their heels and fled from the spot.

"We rebuked them for their cowardice, and all of us believed Gordan had been attacked by a wild animal or a serpent. We even entertained hope that he might put in an appearance, but the night passed and morning came without any sign of him. Then nearly the entire party set out to find the dismal valley and solve the mystery of our comrade's fate.

"The guide was very reluctant about leading us, but we forced him to do so. Gordan was trampled about in the jungle without finding the valley, and the guide finally declared he did not know how to lead us to it. This made us very angry, and we nearly scared the fellow to death, threatening we would flay him alive if he did not take us to the place. He started on again, and we followed, but night found us unrewarded for our pains. In returning to the camp, both the guide and Gordan's servant slipped away and disappeared in the forest, and neither was seen afterward.

"This mysterious affair threw a damper on our spirits, and the hunt was for from a success. The news of the disappearance of the Resident had been murdered by the two natives, and I thought it not improbable.

"During the five years that elapsed before I again visited Ceylon, I often thought of Jack Gordan and longed to know the truth concerning his fate. When I found myself once more in the vicinity of our former adventures, I resolved to search for the fatal valley. Captain Sterbick, a loyal friend and a man with plenty of courage, agreed to accompany me, poor fellow! I was glad to have a white man as a companion, although I just did not relish taking him from his elephant shooting, but he promised some faith in the story of the man eating tree and expressed a desire to look upon the monster of the vegetable kingdom.

"Taking our servants along, we made a party of four, although we knew we could not depend on the blackskins in case of emergency. It was near sunset when we first set foot upon the island, and we soon were on the ground, and began cleaning something in the most doleful tones, and then we saw they were buried before a skeleton image, around which the bones were scattered bones and human skulls.

"'We have found the fatal valley!' I cried.

"It was useless to attempt to persuade the blackskins to accompany us into the gloom of the place, and they entreated us not to go there, saying we would never come forth if we ventured. Telling them to wait our return and looking to make sure our weapons were ready for instant use, we entered the valley.

"A dreary, dismal place it was, which was disturbed by no sound save our footfalls, and the vast gloom seemed to make us ache. As we moved slowly onward a feeling of horror gradually and surely crept over me, although I tried to throw it off. It seemed that there was something we cannot shun the valley—something weird and deadly. I looked at the captain and saw his face was pale, although his eyes were set and determination was written on his features.

"In vain we looked about for sign of living creature in that dismal vale. No bird nor animal greeted our visitors, not even a snake squirmed across our path. For all of the gloom the place was as busy as a hive and dark, as light as a twilight with perhaps a dim sense of twilight point of view than.

"In a small corner came to our feet terrible sight. Human bones, skulls and skeletons lay in a heap. Some of the skulls were cracked, as if by a blow, and the bones were broken and crushed. Human hair was in the heap, and it was evident that the victims had been struck down by a terrible blow and then devoured by the man killing tree.

"Sick and faint from the sight, I slid down to the foot of the wall and ran for a few that infernal spot as fast as my legs could carry me. I did not stop when I reached the mouth of the deadly valley, and the two half men, telling the truth on my face, kept me company.

"When I told the story at camp, it was received with mingled doubt and ridicule. Some of the men could not bear to believe such a thing possible, while others, knowing me better, did not doubt my word.

"We spent three days searching for that valley, and, singular as it may seem, we could not be found again. I do not know that it has been found to this day. We were unable to go back to it," concluded Major Carter. "The wealth of England would not tempt me into its horrid confines."

### A Shark's Mistake.

We had on board the ship Emma Jane a full blooded native of the South seas island whom we called Kalina, which is the name of the place where he belonged. Kalina was an illy war back home after a visit to civilization, and he was very happy. He was a supple, sinewy fellow, with a restless eye and a hand that could move with the suddenness of a flash. He had picked up a certain amount of broken English, and he was very proud of his accomplishment.

For some days a huge shark had been following us, and the superstitious sailors declared it was an omen of evil. They were tired after dinner that day when Kalina was found to be fatal to us. Finally we were becalmed beneath a brazen sky and in the midst of a vast, glassy ocean. Still the shark dogged along, while Kalina, standing on the bulwark, gazed at it with a fascinated look.

"It's a sure sign of death," solemnly declared one old tar.

Kalina heard the words and nodded.

"Somebody got go," he said. "Kaulun go."

We did not fathom the meaning of his words until he had swiftly stripped off his clothes and poised over the rail bulwark into the water. Five minutes later he was in the shark's mouth, and we saw the sharp fin cutting through the water like a steak. A feeling of unutterable horror seized every one of us, and we watched for the consummation of the tragedy.

The South Sea islanders are the most expert swimmers, but all at once Kalina seemed to become confused or frightened, for he began to splash and thunder about in the most awkward manner. The shark must have felt sure of his victim.

Just as we expected to see the man carried down to his prey, Kalina disappeared like a flash. It was impossible to tell how fast it, but he seemed to dive down into the water itself, he had plunged headlong from a great height.

There was a sudden flurry beneath the surface, to which rose a bright crimson tide, and then up came dark body that turned over on its side and lay still.

It was the shark, and he was dead as he could be!

But where was Kalina? We looked about for the native in vain, and all began to think he had been killed and the body had sunk to rise no more. Just as we arrived at this conclusion a head came from under the boat's keel, and there was Kalina, swimming serenely under water from the scene of the encounter to the Emma Jane.

A rope was immediately flung to him, and he came aboard hand over hand with a smile of a conqueror. He had pulled out his teeth. Quickly he stood beneath the fire as, his black body shining in the sunlight.

"Shark sign of dead," he observed. "You bet! I him fixed. That make right, Kalina fool him."

GILBERT PATTEN.

## IMPRISONED WITH A PLAGUE.

**The Horrors of Cholera in an Emigrant Ship.**

Patrick Murray, who came to America in the steerage of the Virginia in 1849, tells the story. He was one of an eight days' run the cholera broke out. It was the black cholera, and it reached the ship with the first sunshine after a thunderstorm.

"During the storm, which was violent beyond description, we kept huddled together in the hold of the ship. We had not been on deck 10 minutes after the weather cleared when the passengers began tumbling over with a strange ailment, which also came prostrate to the deck. We had on board with us a quack doctor, who was working his way to America. He had little ability and less medicine to battle with the pestilence.

"The ship was crowded almost beyond its capacity, and the plague had full sway. It swept through the ship like a deadly cyclone, and the dead and dying were scattered about in all directions. The living were too sick to care for the dead, and dying were scattered about in all directions. The living were too sick to care for the dead, and dying were scattered about in all directions. The living were too sick to care for the dead,

# THE DEAD CITIES.

## Rev. Dr. Talmage Sounds a Shrill Note of Warning

### To the Cities of To-Day by Drawing a Vivid Picture of the Fate that Overtook Pompeii and Other Great and Wicked Cities.

The following interesting discourse on the dead and gone cities was delivered recently by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage in the Brooklyn tabernacle, being based on the text:

Thou hast made of a defenced city a ruin.—Isaiah xxv: 2.

A flush on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was the wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscences of what it has done, and with threats of worse that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy. On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles, and dropped in Constantinople and in the Adriatic sea and in the Appenines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of eighteen thousand people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cindery and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements. At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus had fought and was surrounded, and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grape vines which clothed the mountain side from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain: "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls, I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp, the home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high wall, twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. On those walls at a distance of only one hundred yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted. In the days of the city's prosperity, its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; gate of the Sea Shore, gate of Herculaneum, gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six Corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs, shimmering in the light. There stands the temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the temple of Hercules, and the temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the temple of Æsculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting. Yonder are the theaters, partly cut into surrounding hills and glorified with pictured walls and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms for captivated and applaudatory audiences, seated or standing in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums with decorated alcoves, and the cold dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic and ceilings of all skillfully intermingled hues, and walls upholstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofas on which to recline for slumber after the plunge. Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was was corrupt. There is a residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place of the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by Doric columns. Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionairedom, gardens, fountained, statued, colonnaded, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found eighteen hundred years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls of color which all time can not efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs passing up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles arabesque and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slaves carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoking with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered ground, sloping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the bay of Naples. Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn, far reaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the day rolls on, and it is one o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I point you. There is a peculiar cloud on the sky, a strange cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster thrust rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of fiery darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree with midnights interwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend, north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened, Stabiæ, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead. Out of the houses and temples and theaters and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theaters. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that, when they lifted Pliny, the elder, from the sail cloth on which he was resting under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired. For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted and the cursing of that Apollyon of mountains subsided. For seventeen hundred years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after seventeen hundred years of obliteration, a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of Basilica, and temple and amphitheater.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day in November, 1889, until he left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity, and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About four hundred and fifty of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable and natural after seventeen hundred years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for seventeen hundred years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldiers' barracks are sixty-three skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after seventeen hundred years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticos, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which notwithstanding all its splendors, was a reeking hole of perdition. Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators who were the prize fighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skillful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there, and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city, except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again on the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts, more than eighteen hundred years ago, ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and across that threshold did pallbearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases? While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and blasphemy and uncleanliness, and infernal boast, as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disentombed Pompeii, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe, with which, more than eighteen centuries ago, it submerged Pompeii as with the liturgy of fire and storm, the mountain proclaimed at the burial: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I can not tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they can not save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries. Those Pompeiian artists mixed such durability of colors that though their paintings were buried in ashes and scoria for seventeen hundred years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers of one hundred and thirty years, the color is as fresh, and vivid, and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeiian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun. Yet how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep the city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the temple of Mercury at Pompeii, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of the house of Diomed. By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions, and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bask itself up in snowy sculpture, and [illegible] heart, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city clean and pure. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing. Pekin and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath-schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yes, see in our walk to-day through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgments of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake and the cyclone and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well: "All things work together for good to those that love God." But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried seventeen hundred years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet lighthouse, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities. I get down on my knees and read the epitaphs of a long line of them: Here lies Babylon, once called "The hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrified brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph: Isaiah xiii, 21: "The wild beast of the desert shall be there and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures."

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God, and with their indecencies shock the heavens, let them know what the God who, on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries, is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then, and has at His command all the armament of destruction with which He overwhelmed their iniquitous predecessors. It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets, and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed, or held in check, which, easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses, could prostrate a city, or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities. It amazes me that this city, which has the quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into so near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial contests at Pompeii. What a precious crew that "Coney Island Athletic Club" is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted. What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose! Instead of calling it an athletic club they might better style it: "The Ruffian Club for Smashing the Human Visage." Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the low horse jockeys and gamblers and the pugilists and the pickpockets and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these cities. They invite delegates from universal loaferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moralize and save a city and you send small-pox to heal leprosy, or a carcass to relieve the air of malodor. For what politics will do I refer you to the eight weeks of stultification enacted at Washington by our American senate. American politics will become a reformatory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am glad to say, benign and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the Gospel machinery to its utmost speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of natures transformed, and profligacies balked, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed. Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the Misereres of complaint and despondency with Te Deums and Jubilates of moral and religious victory. Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of Heaven. I hail the advancing morn. I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army: "Whosoever is fearful and afraid let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the Gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line, Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The whole world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town. Shall our last walk be through the streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grogshops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot-boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflexions. God save the cities! Righteousness is life, iniquity is death. Romanesque, picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, beautiful, God-defying and entombed Pompeii.

# FOR SUNDAY READING.

## BLIND EYES.

So much, so much, we can not understand!
So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!
Oft do we turn beneath God's chastening hand
And in passion of our human pride,
Feel that our mighty Master is unkind,
Because we can not see—our eyes are blind!

We can not see why we should suffer so,
Why have not deeply some longed for desire;
O blinded eyes, how can we [illegible]
How far we wander from the [illegible] way!

Our infinite vision can not see always
The on-folding shade of the Almighty wings,
We can not know how truly God doth [illegible]
Nor how He strives from pain His peace to bring.

We can not know because our eyes are blind,
We turn away from His unsealing hand,
And, grieving, seek that we can [illegible] find,
Until, in perfect peace, we calmly stand—
Content to wait till we shall gladly see
In the new light of eternity.

—Grace A. Pierce, in Chaperone.

## OUR VOCATION.

### The True Way of Looking Upon the Tasks That Come to our Hands.

A modern teacher asks in one of his books a very important question. Speaking of what is commonly called "want of employment," he says: "What do men really mean by this? Is it employment that they want, or support during employment?" That is to say, which is of most importance in their eyes, the work or the wages? How much would they work, if the wages were of little consequence to them? How many of us would work at all if we were so constructed that we could do without food or clothes, or if these came to us without any trouble of ours?

These are home questions! Perhaps few men would work much without the spur of necessity, though work is good for a man's soul as well as his body. But it is ill for a man to look upon his work as a disagreeable necessity, a task from which he would gladly escape.

His work in such a case is rarely worth much, since it is done grudgingly and against the grain, though it actually costs him more than if it were done with a good will. He does not see the beauty and the purpose of work, and how all honest workers are fellow laborers with the Father and the Son, Who, as our Lord said, work hitherto and always. He only feels his own particular ache and strain and discomfort; while want, like a hard task-master, stands over him and forces him to go on.

And yet the same man will speak of his work as a vocation, and what is a vocation but a calling? and how can a man have a calling unless someone has called him? And who can have called him but God? It would alter the look of everything if he would but take God for his master, instead of stern necessity, and think first of serving God, relying upon His sure word that He knows what we have need of, and that all these things shall be added to us.

Paul took the true view of the matter when he spoke of a man's work as his "vocation and ministry." His vocation, that is, his calling to which God has called him, and his ministry, that is, the service with which he helps his fellow-men.

To serve God—to help man. Is not that an ambition more worthy of one who was made in the likeness of God than mere longings after a life of slothful ease, or questions as to how we are to eat and drink and clothe ourselves?

The difficulty is that men do not see the connection between their common work of every day and the service of God. On Sundays they may choose whether they will go to church or not, and if they go, they may try at least to serve God there.

But on week-days they must work or starve, they have no choice; and how can they feel in the workshop or in the mine, that they are serving God?

Simply in this: in the spirit in which it is done. They know how work must be done to please an earthly master—can not they feel that their Heavenly Master knows just as well how work should be done, and that He is at the same time far more strict, and far more just and pitiful?

Honest work, done as well as the worker can do it, in the hope of pleasing God, is prayer and praise both in one, and he who feels in his heart God's "Well done," will never find his work a weary task.

There is a good deal of work that must be done in the world that does not carry much honor and glory with it, but perhaps in God's sight there is not so much difference after all between him who designs some great public work, which all the world is praising, and him who carefully and conscientiously puts the heads on the pins.

And this thought will make a man more anxious to serve God in his calling than to rise out of it by scrambling over the backs of his fellows. If it should seem to be God's will that he should rise by simply doing his duty, as many a man has done, well and good; and if not, "let every man, wherein he is called, therein abide with God."—Banner of Faith.

## UNHEEDED OPPORTUNITIES.

### Eyes That Are Blind to Greatest Blessings by Familiarity.

We are told that when the first eruption of the great volcano of Kilauea, in the Sandwich islands, took place, the native population believed that a demon had taken possession of the mountain who would destroy the whole world. So great was the terror and awe of the people, that they would not look at the fiery peak, but prayed to it for mercy with covered faces.

As the months passed they grew accustomed to its awful presence, and continued to worship it, but with less fear. In a year they had altogether ceased to pray to it.

At the present time, although the mountain is still a fearful threat in their lives, they are familiar with its horrors, and call it "Old Niggerhead."

A similar meaning is found in a tradition among the peasants in Little Russia. The archangel Michael, they say, once obtained leave to visit the earth to teach the Little Russians the way to Heaven.

He descended among them at the time of the spring planting, and appalled at the glory of his majestic person and glittering spear, they fell prostrate before him in the field, afraid to raise their eyes.

When the corn began to appear, they had grown used to the marvelous visitor, but served him humbly. When the corn was in blossom they had ceased to obey him, and before it was ripe they drove him out into the highway with stones.

The legend seems fantastic to us, but are our eyes never blinded by familiarity? What if the world were bare of plants and blossoms, except upon one here of its surface where each year trees and shrubs and flowers forced their way through the surface, and covered it with unknown forms and colors and perfumes? Would not pilgrimages be made from the ends of the earth to gaze with wonder and delight upon its beauty? Yet every field gives exhibitions of the same creative, beneficent power, and who regards them? What if once [illegible] a year a book were opened, the one book in the world that could show us [illegible] how to make the best of life, and that drew aside the veil beyond death? Would not men everywhere crowd to hear the oracle? Such a book may be found unheeded and unopened in many a house.

What if we could pray to God but once in our lives? Think of the petitions, the half desperate hope, the fear, the agony, crowded into that one petition! We can speak to Him at any moment, and often forget to do it at all.

There are chances, possibilities and forces which come into all of our lives, more powerful than an archangel, but they are matters of course to us, and we give them little or no heed.—Youth's Companion.

### The Power of the Gospel.

The Christian religion is not the only aggressive religion, but it is fairly entitled to be called the only missionary religion. As it is the only one that carries with it the message that God is a redeeming God, the only one that carries with it the message that there is a hope of redemption for every man who desires to be redeemed, so it is the only one that carries with it the incentive to a redeeming work; and the power of this Gospel is seen not merely in the hope enkindled in the individual soul, but in the spirit of helpfulness inspired in every soul by the faith that one man can help another man out of his sins into true holiness.

Concerning what other message—Koran, Shastra, Veda Hymns, Socratic Dialogues, Stoical Apothegms could that be said which Paul has said of his message? "It is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that has faith."—Lyman Abbott, in Christian Union.

### The Precious Hours.

The one thing that comes to the mind of the old man when he speaks to the young is this: O that it were possible to make them know how precious are the hours, how fraught with consequences of incalculable importance, which now fill up each and every day of their comparatively easy lives! I would not ask you to relax your attention to the games that fill up your leisure hours; but, I say, let everyone with the same energy with which he plays cricket or football, with the same energy with which he applies himself to boating or running, or to any exercise whatever of his corporeal powers—and he wants very little exhortation, so far as my experience goes, to be energetic with that portion of his duties—let him carry the very same spark into the work which is intended to develop his mental faculties.—Gladstone.

### Character as a Garment.

It is said that "character is an assemblage of motives." Each motive is the thread of a garment of which the weaver is also the wearer. It is entirely finished only at death, but such as it is, he can wear no other.—Young Men's Era.

### A Bit of Truth.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

—Friedrich Von Logau, 1604-55.

### Not a Landlord.

I deny that the devil is a landlord—or owns anything, he is a squatter, and can only get title by limitation through the negligence of the rightful owners and heirs.—John G. Woolley, in Rest Islander.

## STRUCK HOME.

### Red Hot Shot from the Columns of the Ram's Horn.

"The old, old story" is always new.

Our troubles open doors for God to come in.

No man who believes wrong will do right.

Work for God must be done in a godly spirit.

The man who grumbles does not pray half enough.

Man is most like God when he is most filled with love.

It is seldom that God can get a chance to bless a stingy man.

The cross is heavy only when we try to lift it with one hand.

When God gives us a burden to carry it is to make us stronger.

Every soldier in God's army ought to be willing to be a private.

It is an awful thing to seek God and not do it with the whole heart.

All truth is nonsense to the man who has taken a lie into his heart.

Every dollar some men get widens the gulf between them and Heaven.

The devil can always find time to rock the cradle of a sleepy Christian.

Growth in grace is not made by watching to see how other people walk.

God can tell us things on a sick bed that He couldn't do in the third Heaven.

When you want to walk straight yourself don't watch somebody else's feet.

The man who seeks his reward in this world never gets a price that suits him.

The way to make a success of Christian life is to expect great things of Christ.

The blindest people in the world are those who can not see that God is marching on.

Every preacher should strive to be what John the Baptist considered himself—a voice for Christ.

No man ever has any trouble about believing as much of the Bible as he is willing to live.

The door of salvation is always open, but it is not God's purpose to drive anybody through it.

God has ordered that the man who will not help others may prosper only that he may rob himself.

The people who disappoint God the most are those who try to carry their burdens without His help.

There are thousands of ways in which people can show without knowing it that they do not love God.

There isn't much good in the man who tries to be good only when his head tells him that he ought to.

It may be that money will overcome the world, but it takes religion pure and undefiled to overcome the devil.

The wickeder a man is the harder he will try to persuade himself that his conduct is prompted by a good motive.

The preaching that has Christ in it always sends somebody away from the church with a determination to do better.

If you lose your soul it will not be because there are so many hypocrites in the church, but because sin had a hiding place in your heart.

When ever a preacher is found who has the courage to tear the mask from the devil's face, some very nice people are shocked almost to death.

"Miss Columbia," the charming daughter of the Duke de Veragua, was engaged to a young Spanish marquis when she accompanied her father to this country. When the duke discovered that his fortune was greatly impaired he called to the marquis releasing him from the engagement. The proud and loyal Spaniard returned answer that what he wanted of the duke was his daughter, not her dot. The end of this pretty romance is found in recent news from Spain to the effect that the lovers have been married.

[illegible]

# TEMPERANCE NOTES.

## A WASTED LIFE.

### The Ruin Wrought by Drink and Bad Associates.

A bright-eyed boy, with every outward indication and promise of success, leaving home with his mother's kiss upon his cheek, his father's advice ringing in his ears, the innocent thoughts of his little sister clinging to him as though to shield him from the assaults of error, the thoughts of brother and sister ever reminding him to be obedient to his employer, enters the printing office, as an apprentice, to begin his career of self-support. The work is interesting. His nature is all aglow with eagerness. The world is bright to him. He is very ambitious, willing to do whatever is told him. If told to go one mile, he is willing to go farther.

He is, after a time, promoted, and his eagerness now to succeed causes him to press on. His companions now are not suitable for a young man who wishes to attain the highest degree of success in his profession. He wants to see and know what life is. Unhappily, he sees too much of the wrong side of life. At first it stings him; he remembers his mother's parting, his father's admonition, and brother and sister's warning, but he heeds them not. The novelty, the dare, the easy abandon interest him. He wants to see and know what others see and know, and, unfortunately, led into places where those who would succeed never enter, he finally becomes a part of that which he was at first only an interested observer; he goes now as a member of the circle.

He has learned his trade—and much else that it were better for him had he never learned. He is companionable, and is liked by his associates. He is not bad-hearted, but rather thoughtless, good natured, easy-going. His associates keep late hours; so does he. They drink liquor, and he learns, little by little, to do the same. He does not realize that he has thrown down the battlements to a powerful foe when he does this, nor does he know that the very qualities in his nature which make him interesting and lovable indicate that he, of all others, can not safely take an intoxicant into his system. He feels strong, is full of hope and nervous energy. It does not seem possible to him that he can fail, though he is affectionately warned of his danger. Friends plead with him, tears are shed for him, but to no effect. And, finally, abandoned by almost imperceptible degrees, he is left to pursue his own course.

Time passes, but for some reason he does not keep up with its procession, except as to age.

Years go by; he is now middle-aged. He has worked hard and has been faithful to every trust, but he has now passed the time in his life when success is possible. He sees men of his age succeed, and pass him in the race for prosperity, and often wonders why his station is inferior to theirs. "Why has fate dealt thus with me? For," he says, "I have as much ability as they."

Manhood and middle age came in succession, but the thread of his life changes not; for the flaw, which has been unconsciously made by strong drink has weakened his whole nature now, though he will not admit it. But presently he is thrown out of work. He wonders why they let him out, when he has been there so long. His earnings have gone for pleasures, his taste and desire for valuable knowledge with regard to his calling, gave place long since to a love for sociality and amusement, and his store of knowledge is made up largely of stories that in their repetition bring jollity and laughter among his boon companions, and in the time of need he finds now no treasured funds, no increased wisdom in all that pertains to his calling, on which to depend.

They tell him, but can not convince him, of the habit he has formed. He passes on, he gets a little work here and there; but no one seems to take an interest in him, no one wants to give him a "steady," for, the say: "he is not reliable."

And so times goes on; the final judgment has been passed upon him; he can not be found when wanted, he is not able to do the work, or he can not be relied upon. He has been through the process, he has been at the door of success, but failed to enter.

Old age has come to him—and also his right senses; but it is too late. He looks back upon his past life, he sees what a failure it has been, and finds he has been branded—"unsuccessful."—National Printer-Journalist.

## EVILS OF THE DRINK HABIT.

### Crime and Lawlessness in England Resulting from Drunkenness.

In the Humanitarian, a London periodical, Archdeacon Farrar gives some appalling facts regarding the prevalence and the effect of drunkenness in England. His statistics show that the number of arrests of "drunk and disorderly" persons in that country for the past twenty-five years reached the enormous total of 4,260,023. When one recalls that there is not one drunken man in twenty arrested, the tremendous prevalence of this vice in England becomes luminously apparent.

Another important fact is the influence of drunkenness upon pauperism. The latter has been enormously extended in England during the period under consideration, yet the venerable archdeacon brings the testimony of the chairman of the Coventry board of workhouse guardians, and those of fifteen other boards, that they have never known a person who did not drink apply at the workhouse for relief. It needs nothing further to show the influence of the drink habit in promoting poverty and pauperism among common people.

As to the effect of this vice in the promotion of crime, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, is quoted as stating that "nine jails in every ten in England would be shut except for drink;" while Justice Fitzgerald states that "drunkenness is the crime which leads to nineteen twentieths of the other crimes" committed in that country. The archdeacon has quoted high authority on this point, for none are in a position to know better the relation of the drink habit to crime than judges of long experience upon the bench. Further than this, he brings in evidence the Black Record, a periodical published by the United Kingdom Temperance alliance, made up entirely of cuttings from the newspaper press. From the clippings of reports of the common courts it is shown that within a single fortnight 168 cases of crime arising from drink were dealt with.

As to the mental diseases arising from habitual intoxication, Archdeacon Farrar quotes Mr. McDowall, one of the highest authorities in that country, who states that 18 per cent. of all the idiocy in England arises from the drunkenness of parents, and that one-third of all the cases of insanity is caused by the drink habit. Furthermore, Mr. McDowall states that 75 out of every 100 divorces are brought about by drink.

The archdeacon complains that the infamous wholesale ruin of humanity is practically without any check, that [illegible] for the protection of society, for the existence of the weak, and [illegible], and for "the certain treatment of the sources of demoralization which may be brought under the control of law." And he scores the Christian church for not rousing itself on this subject, and working for unity of effort "to annul the intolerable and interminable evil, which is the root of crime and the corruption of soul, and which, as Mr. Gladstone said, has inflicted greater calamities than the great historical scourges, war, pestilence and famine, combined." As a corporate body, the church has never done that which she could have done, and what she ought to have done."

The archdeacon also discusses the various methods of nonlegislative action, and chief among these he puts the spread of education among the people, especially in relation to the dangers, bodily, mental and moral, from indulgence in intoxicants—a point on which the Blade has insisted for years as the line of effort which will certainly produce the greatest results with the least opposition. He does not suggest any specific legislative action, except that he contends the government has the same right to control the sale of alcohol that it has to control the sale of chloral, opium, and other poisonous drugs. He does not discuss the question of legal prohibition, apparently feeling that in England the time has not yet come when it can be made effective. And it is true that nowhere can it be made effectual until the people are educated on this topic up to the point that there is an intelligent majority in favor of the movement to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE PAYS.

### Evidence Which Condemns the Use of Liquor.

A young man, just returned from Cartagena, near the equator in the United States of Colombia, South America, who had been there two years, said to the writer: "Before I left Boston I was told that I could not live there unless I used the native wines, and after I arrived there I was told the same thing. During the dry season of the year, which continues eight months, the thermometer in the sun and away from the breeze stands at one hundred and thirty-five. It is exceedingly hot, so that in a very short time my weight decreased from one hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and thirty-five. But I was the only person connected with our enterprise who did not use liquors. The result was that while I was able to stay two years in that hot climate, the others have been able to stay only from four to six months.

They would speedily run down, and we would have to send them back to the United States. His verdict was that cold water was the only safe drink for a person in that climate. He said that the idea that a person needed strong drink to enable him to endure the heat was a false one. Total abstinence pays. Dr. B. W. Richardson says the same thing. Recently he has warned young medical men of the fact that they would have very little practice in those families which abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. "Even if he be a good surgeon to boot," says the doctor, "he will also fail, for these wretched teetotalers not only skirk accidents, but when wounded, heal so fast there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first skillful dressing." If total abstinence will help reduce doctor's bills, then it pays.—Boston Traveller.

### All a Mistake.

There is a common belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue sets in. The sensation of fatigue is one of the safety valves of our machine; to stifle the feeling of fatigue, in order to do more work, is like closing the safety valve so that the boiler may be overheated and explosion result. It is commonly thought that alcoholic drinks aid digestion, but in reality the contrary would appear to be the case, for it has been proven that a meal without alcohol is more quickly followed by hunger than a meal with alcohol. In connection with the sanitation of armies thousands of experiments upon large bodies of men have been made, and have led to the result that, in peace or war, in every climate—in heat, cold or rain—soldiers are better able to endure the fatigue of the most exhausting marches when they are not allowed any alcohol at all. That mental exertions of all kinds are better undergone without alcohol is generally admitted by most people who have made the trial. It appears certain that from seventy to eighty per cent. of crime, eighty to ninety per cent. of all poverty and from ten to forty per cent. of the suicides in most civilized countries are to be ascribed to alcohol.—Westminster Review.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

There are fifty-one thousand breweries in the world.

The supreme council of the United Commercial Travelers has decided to prohibit the use of intoxicating liquors at its banquets.

The amount of temperance drinks consumed annually reaches the enormous total of 250,000,000 dozen bottles.

Fifty per cent. of the young men of Switzerland are ineligible for military service on account of physical deterioration produced by excessive drinking.

Edward Atkinson, said to be the leading fiscal statistician of our times, says that it costs five dollars a head to run our government, but the annual cost of spirits, beer and wine is fifteen dollars a head.

The thirty-fifth report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union states that in Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards, of which 112,000 are men and the rest women.

"Could the youth, to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious, look upon my desolation; could he but feel the taste of death with which I cry hourly," it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.—Charles Lamb.

In India certain regiments with 5,510 men were placed under observation. They were divided into free drinkers, moderate drinkers and abstainers. It was found that the deaths of the former were 43 per 1,000, of the moderate drinkers 23 per 1,000, and of the abstainers only 11 per 1,000.

Until recently all marriages in England were celebrated before noon, the reason for which law was that the parties might be sober. It used to be the custom to dine at noon, and, as it was the proper thing to drink the health of bride and groom, frequently all parties would appear at the altar intoxicated.

One of the rules of the Canadian military service is that of "crying down credit." In Toronto recently this rule was carried out in front of the post office. It consisted in a little ceremony performed by a sergeant-major, a trooper and a trumpeter of the Canadian dragoons. The trumpeter blew his trumpet, and then the sergeant-major in a stentorian voice declared that the officers commanding the Canadian dragoons would not be responsible for any debts contracted by the members of the regiment [illegible] would not be guaranteed if the debt was contracted for liquor.

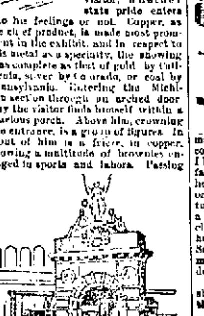
# MINES AND MINING.

## COPPER ORE AND HOW IT IS REFINED.

### The Michigan Exhibit in the Mining Building Illustrating the Process—A State Famous for the Red Metal.

[World's Fair Correspondence.]

ONE OF THE MOST interesting of the state exhibits in Mines and Mining building is that of Michigan. No pains have been spared to make an exhaustive as well as attractive showing and the result is satisfactory to the visitor, whether state pride enters into his feelings or not. Copper, as the chief product, is made most prominent in the exhibit, and in respect to this metal as a specialty, the showing is as complete as that of gold by California, silver by Colorado, or coal by Pennsylvania. Entering the Michigan section through an arched doorway the visitor finds himself within a spacious porch. Above him, crowning the entrance, is a group of figures. In front of him is a frieze, in copper, showing a multitude of brownies engaged in sports and labors. Passing



MICHIGAN SECTION, MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

into the exhibit proper, he sees that Michigan mining men make much of their most valuable product, for copper is everywhere.

A great mass of the native metal, carrying conglomerates, is shown. The weight is 5,460 pounds, and the Hecla mine was the producer. Near by is a specimen of copper bearing amygdaloids, from the Atlantic mine. On a car is a great ingot of native copper weighing 5,500 pounds. Adjoining is a jagged ingot, weighing upward of three tons, from the Central mine.

These enormous ingots, not to be duplicated in any but a Michigan mine, are of a dark brown color, where the surfaces are as they were when the metal was buried deep in the mother earth. Edges that have been sawed or cut are bright, but of a much darker tint than is that of copper fresh from the mill. Ingots of copper, native, or the result of reduction processes, are shown that are of a deep hue. In cases along the east side of the section curious formations in native copper are shown. Foliated copper, a curious leaf like formation, is attractive from its oddity, fern copper being another variety. Perhaps the most curious of the native formations is the variety known as fan copper. On this a number of flat leaves, razor shaped, are united at one extremity, thence spreading out like a folding fan.

Of copper minerals there is endless variety. The common blue and green of azurite and malachite are seen in many specimens, while of red oxide ores there is a good showing. A beautiful mineral is labeled needle iron.

Those who delight in exalting the labors of the ancients have long cherished the idea that the aborigines of the Lake Superior region possessed the art of producing hardened and tempered copper. It has been claimed that weapons and tools have been discovered that no file could dull. Thousands of inventors have spent more or less of their time in their endeavors to revivify this "lost art." The Smithsonian institution, it has been said, has specimens of tools of hardened copper found on the shore of Lake Superior. The presence of a number of arrow heads and knives of copper, used by natives in early times, displayed in one of the cases, opened the subject of tempered copper.

"I do not believe such a thing exists," said the gentleman in charge of the exhibit. "Copper can be hardened and some of the alloys are very hard, although in no form can a successful competition with iron be sustained. It is claimed by several that tempered copper is now being placed on the

THE MINNESOTA STATE BUILDINGS.

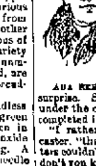
market, but if the art is ever to be discovered it has not been achieved so far. I have investigated and am sure of the facts. I have heard of men who have heard of men who have seen weapons or tools of the aborigines that would turn the edge of a steel chisel or dull a file. Personally I have never came closer to tempered copper than third hand. Neither has any officer of the Smithsonian institution, for I have made inquiries." So is another fond delusion banished.

One of the great mining companies shows a cross section of its property, the various levels being exhibited by means elucidating the methods of timbering and working. Ore and surrounding rock are represented by actual specimens. Another company shows a horizontal view of its mine. Each level illustrated by a sheet of glass, on which is marked the location of tunnels and drifts. There are seven in all. Looking through the seven sheets of glass, one sees the mine as he would if air were being mined, all being transparent excepting the workings. Each "level" represents the point at which, from the shaft, a tunnel extends, with drifts or smaller tunnels radiating in various directions to provide for taking out the ore.

Mining and milling machinery is shown in a number of attractive exhibits. There are model shafthouses, mills and reduction works. A series of oil paintings surround the booth, showing views of various properties, while photographs help in the education of the inquiring visitor.

### Ada Rehan's English Home.

Charming Ada Rehan is enjoying a long vacation for the first time in several years. It is in the green country side, close by Muncaster castle, in one of the most beautiful sections of England that her "bungalow" has been established. And a very delightful one it is. Lord and Lady Muncaster took such a fancy to our winsome American actress that they determined to give her a beautiful summer house as a surprise. So they had it built just under the castle's shadow, and it was completed in less than three weeks.



ADA REHAN.

"I rather fancy," says Lord Muncaster, "that your American carpenters couldn't do any better than that, don't you know."

### Quinine at Harrow.

To-day in England, at Harrow, the boys are doctored en masse. Each one is served with two grains of quinine at morning and night as a safeguard against the influenza. The drug is administered after prayers and the ceremony has thus a double solemnity. As the boys go out in single file they are met by the matron, who gives each one his choice of powder or pill. The choice made, the drug is swallowed, and so the line is gradually shortened.


# Fruit House Prices for 1893.

There has taken place some remarkable revolutions in the prices of merchandise the past year, and which is most likely to continue for some time to come. As a rule the tendency, with the exception of pork and potatoes, has favored the consumer. Flour is remarkably cheap. With flour at $3.25 per bbl. and potatoes at [illegible] per bushel, it is easily determined which is the most economical. Flour, in such instances, will be much more used than formerly. So in pork and beef. When pork reaches the price it has now, beef will be more used.

The same rule applies to Tea and Coffee. Coffee has ruled high of late years, more from speculation than the scarcity, and the high price has increased very greatly the consumption of Tea, for Teas have not advanced for several years, but rather have declined. The higher grade Teas which formerly sold at $1.00 per lb, can be had for 50c per lb, running down to 35c per lb. But in Teas, the best quality is usually the more satisfactory in the end. Although we sell a good high flavored Young Hyson at 20c lb.

## TEA PRICE LIST.

Young Hyson, good, 20c; extra, 30c; best, 50c. — Gunpowder Tea, extra, 30c; best, 50c.
Imperial tea, choice, 30; best 50c. — Oolong or black tea good, 30c; extra 35c; best, 50c.
English breakfast, extra, 30c; best, 50c. — Japan, uncolored, 30c; good, 30; best, 50c.
Tea dust: 1 pound packages, 15c.

## SUGARS—Orleans and Refined.

The Sugar market has kept very steady. The combination that now controls the market will no doubt keep them about as they are. Prices are so low that no complaints are heard on that head, but people do complain about a system of monopoly which has made it possible for a set of men to control the price of sugar or anything else which the people use, yet this is just what is now being done. The people are absolutely at their mercy and the monopoly can put the price up or down at their pleasure. The only relief to be had from such a state of affairs is not to try and regulate them and control them by such sham measures as inter state commerce, &c. The remedy is to wipe out their charters. This will abolish all such combinations and place mankind on an equal footing. Sugar prices at present are:

Standard Granulated, 6c. — Crushed and Powdered, 6½c.
White American C, 5c. — Coffee A Sugar, 5¾c.

## Coffees Remain at Same Price as Former Report.

Best Green Rio, 25c. — Choice roasted Rio, loose, per lb, 24c.
Best Roasted Rio, in lb. packages, such as Sampson, Jersey and McLaughlin's, 25c.
Old Government Java, green, 27c. — Old Government, roasted, 35c.
Rich Arabia Mocha, green, 30c. — Rich Mocha, roasted, 35c.

## CANNED GOODS.

Such as Tomatoes and Corn, are higher this season in consequence of the short pack of last season. Other goods no higher.

Standard 3 lb Tomatoes, 10c can. — Standard 2 lb Corn, 10c; best, 15c can.
3 lb can Baltimore Peaches, 15c can. — 3 lb choice Pie Peaches, 10c can.
2 lb Peas, 10c can. — String Beans, 10c can.

## California Canned Goods and Dried Fruits.

3 pound can California Peaches, best, 25c; Egg Plums, 20c; White Cherries, 20; Apricots, 20c; Green Gages, 20c; all in 3 pound cans and most excellent fruit.

California Dried Peaches, 12c; best Peeled Peaches, 20c; Apricots, 16c. California Raisins, best, 10c and 12c, but we have a No. 1 loose California Raisin, for cooking, at a great bargain, 5c pound.

## CANDIES—The Prices Remain as in Last Report.

Pure Stick, 8c lb; Good Extra Mixed French, 8c lb, Bon Bons, very choice, 12½c lb; Chocolate Drops and Jelly, 15 and 20c lb. We have a large assortment and all pure sugar goods.

## OILS—Linseed, Castor and Neats Foot.

Best Golden Oil, 30c gal. — Good Machine oil, 25c gal.
Tiger Oil, [illegible] gal. — Best Castor Oil, $1.20 gal.
Neatsfoot Oil, 75c gal. — Boiled Linseed Oil, 60c gal.
Coal Oil, 10c gal. — Water White Oil, gal., 15c.

## Plug and Smoking Tobacco and Cigars.

Horse Shoe Plug, 45c lb. — J. T. Plug, 35c lb.
A B C Plug, 35c plug. — Zeno Plug, 25c lb.
Durham Smoking, 45c lb. — Briar Smoking, 35c lb.
Mail Pouch Smoking, 25c lb. — Sweet Caporal Smoking, 15c lb.
Cigars from [illegible] to $1.25 box. — Harvest Home, 95c box.
American [illegible] 80c box. — Sport, 25c box.
Clara, 90c box. — All good smokers.
Plantation, $1.25 box.

## NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES AND SYRUPS.

Best Pure Vermont Maple Syrup, 90c gal. — New Orleans Molasses, 25c; Best, 40c gal.
Extra Golden Drips, 40c gal. — Sorghum, very nice, home made, 40c gal.
Sweet Cider from hand [illegible] apples, 25c gal.

## Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes Only.

We handle nothing but Pure Domestic Wines—no Foreign goods.
Kelly Island Catawba, best goods, 90c gal. — Port Wine from Kelly Island, $1.25 gal.
California Angelica, very fine, $1.25 gal. — California Muscatel, best, $1.25 gal.
Kentucky Bourbon, $1.50 and $2.25 gal. — Alcohol, full proof and pure, $2.75 gal.
Bourbon Extra, two years old, $1.50 and $1.75. — Old Rye, $2.50 gal.; One-Year-Old Rye, $1.50 gal.
Gin and Catawba Brandy, $1.75 gal. — Scotch Ale, London and Dublin Porter, 25c bottle.
Wine in Bottles, 50 and 60c bottle.

## FLOUR.

Never has sold so low as now; the rise will surely take place soon; best buy is an extra barrel or two when there is a chance. You cannot loose anything by it and you have everything to gain by the market going up.

Best quality Flour of City Mills, either in barrels or sacks, $4.25 per bbl.
No. 1 Country Mill's Flour, Zanesville Mills, $4.00 per bbl.

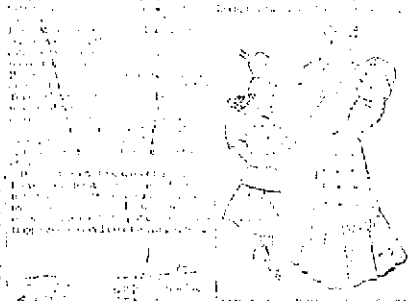
People will remember having 20 years ago, $3.00 for a 50 lb sack, and at $4.00 flour has always been considered away down. Don't be too late in securing a barrel or two at the price, $3.75.

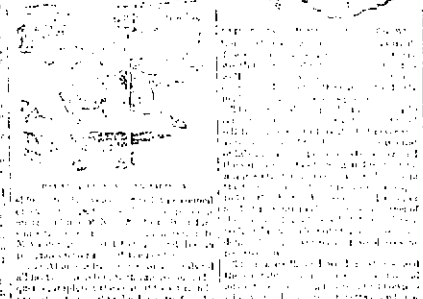
You Will be Sure to Save a Good 20 Per Cent. by Purchasing at

# FORT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE.

The Evening Sentinel.

## A HERO IN BUCKSKIN.





# IMPORTANT DECISION.

## A Serious Point Definitely Settled.

### It is a Question Which Interests Women as Well as Men.

### The Matter Just Now One of Special Significance.

Two prominent business men say the same thing

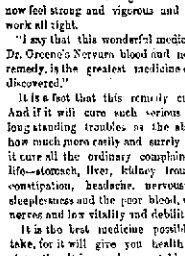
Owing to the high position they occupy in the business world, their word may be taken by all as the absolute truth.

F. M. Pigott, Esq., is a well known resident of Dela. W. Va., and his words have no uncertain meaning

"For some months," he said, "I had been troubled with nervous dyspepsia and palpitation of the heart, with symptoms of nervous weakness and paralysis.

"I had taken treatment from some of our best physicians but they did not cure me. I had continually fallen off in weight from 180 to 145 lbs., when I was induced by our druggist, R. S. Ogden, of Sardis, to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"I was surprised at the benefit I received from the use of this medicine. All those very annoying troubles have left me and I actually gained 10 lbs. in 14 days. I am now using the second bottle of the Nervura and weigh 175 lbs. This I attribute all to this splendid medicine. It is the best remedy to help the sick and cure suffering humanity."



F. M. PIGOTT, ESQ.

Mr. Paul E. Kirchner is a young and prominent man, residing at 319 Vandervoort avenue, Astoria, L. I. He says:

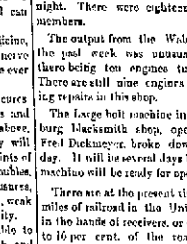
"I have been a sufferer from dreadful dyspepsia, terrible nervousness and palpitation of the heart for four years.

"I have been so bad that I had to give up my business. I was fearfully nervous and could not sleep nights, after lying awake half the night I would have to lie on my stomach and put my hand on my heart, I was so nervous and had such palpitation.

"I would get up mornings feeling tired and dragged out, could not eat anything for breakfast and thought every second that I was going to drop dead.

"I tried doctors all over and none could help me. I went to St. Sinai hospital and the doctors there could not help me.

"I finally gave up all hope of being cured for I was a total wreck. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in the Evening World.



MR. PAUL E. KIRCHNER.

"I tried a bottle and as soon as I had taken about half of it I began to feel better. I have now taken two bottles and a half and am feeling first rate I now feel strong and vigorous and can work all night.

"I say that this wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is the greatest medicine ever discovered."

It is a fact that this remedy cures. And if it will cure such serious and long standing troubles as the above, how much more easily and surely will it cure all the ordinary complaints of life—stomach, liver, kidney troubles, constipation, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness and the poor blood, weak nerves and low vitality and debility.

It is the best medicine possible to take, for it will give you health and strength. It is purely vegetable and harmless, indeed it is the discovery and prescription of the well known Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, who is the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, and who can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

**One Dare Every Day.**

Commencing Oct. 19 and continuing until Oct. 31, the Nickel Plate road will sell excursion tickets to Chicago and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. Tickets good on all trains and good returning ten days, but not later than Nov. 3, 1893. 10-dl-bwk3t

**Chicago excursion via. Pennsylvania lines October 14, 17, 21, 28. One fare for round trip, good 10 days.** 12-14

**The Cost of the World's Fair.**

The exposition will close Oct. 31. During the last twelve days of the world's fair the Nickel Plate road will run one fare excursion everyday. 10-dl-bwk3t

Trepidation.

"Has she given you any encouragement?"

"Oh, yes! She says she will get out of her latin recitations when he dies."—Life.

## RAILROADS AND SHOPS.

### Michael Carey Robbed in Chicago Yesterday.

**Accidents, Incidents and Personal Mention of the People About the Railway Centers.**

John Dalton and Art Dougal went to the fair this morning.

Mrs. Taylor, wife of the Nickel Plate conductor, is very sick.

Peter Bopp of the Pittsburg store room, has gone to the fair.

Master Meclaskie W. W. Atterbury went to Chicago this morning.

The Pennsylvania road will adopt a winter train schedule November 12.

The Pennsylvania limited, west bound, was four hours late this morning.

Herman Wichman, of the Anthony Wayne works, has gone to the world's fair.

Christian Scheiner, cabinet maker at the Pittsburg shops, went to the fair last night.

Joseph Buckley is again on the sick list. He is a blacksmith employed at the Bass shops

Fred Teeeder, fireman at Rhinesmith & Simonson's factory, is off duty on account of sickness.

During the past week the Pittsburg shops turned out two engines and took in four for repairs.

Martin Crawford, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, was promoted to a "fire" this morning

The Anthony Wayne works closed down last evening and will not resume operations until November 1.

J. G. Coombs, store keeper at the Pennsylvania company's shops at Meadows, N. J., is in the city.

Henry Attwoghat and Noah Baker, of the shipping department of the electric light works, are at the fair.

Julius Gudnowy, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, has gone to the country to visit his father a few days

Hostetter's log yard, at his bending factory, is filling up with logs and the outlook for a busy season is very good.

Frank Grimes, the genial Nickel Plate conductor, is happy over the arrival of a bright baby boy at his home.

Workmen are engaged in putting up an 104-circuit switch board in the alternating testing room of the electric light works.

P. Bayel, S. P. Craig and J. B. Stump, Pittsburg engineers, and Fireman J. Frye are off duty on account of sickness.

Harry Hayes has returned from Texas, where he was engaged several weeks in setting up a steam plant for the Bass company.

F. J. Jones and wife, of York, Neb., arrived in the city yesterday and are the guests of Machinist W. H. Noble, of the Pittsburg shops.

The special train bearing the directors of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway, left for the west at 8:30 o'clock this morning.

The official classification committee will meet in New York next week to revise classifications, the new one to go into effect January 1, 1894.

William Connors has been transferred from the erecting gang in the Pittsburg machine shop to the round house and given a night position.

Engineers J. Worman and G. Haines and Fireman C. W. Larrimore have returned to their respective positions on the Pittsburg road after a short absence.

J. Rowie, grandmaster of the Brotherhood of Railway Trackmen, organized a subordinate lodge in this city last night. There were eighteen charter members.

The output from the Wabash shops the past week was unusually large, there being ten engines turned out. There are still nine engines undergoing repairs in this shop.

The large bolt machine in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, operated by Fred Duknueyer, broke down yesterday. It will be several days before the machine will be ready for operation.

There are at the present time 27,082 miles of railroad in the United States in the hands of receivers, or equivalent to 16 per cent. of the roads in this country. The bonded indebtedness of these roads is $2,240,000,000.

Daniel T. Salmon now holds a clerical position in Master Car Builder Graham's office, at the east car shops. Several years ago Dan was THE SENTINEL railway reporter. He is a bright young man, and will make his mark in life.

Last evening Michael Carey, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, who is attending the fair, telegraphed to the railway officials here for transportation to Fort Wayne. The telegram stated that Mr Carey was robbed of his purse containing all his money and railway ticket

Nearly all the heads of the departments of the Wabash shop left this morning for the world's fair. In the party were Hiram Payser, Daniel Campbell, John Brown, Herman Rente and William F. A. Yerges. They went by way of the Grand Rapids and Indiana road to Wolcottville, the once over the new Wabash line. Machinist George McKenzie and apprentices Frank Conner Theodore Miller and Perry Lane also left on the same train for the fair.

Hiram Miller, road foreman of engines on the eastern division of the Pittsburg road, was buried at Allegheny City last Wednesday. The deceased's portrait hung on the road extended from Crestline to Pittsburg, and his position was the same as that held by A. R. Pollman, of this city.

Train 12 over the Louisville division of the Pennsylvania lines, on Tuesday beat all former records, making the run from the Ohio river to the bridge at Leechburg, 110 miles, in one hour and fifty two minutes. This is the fastest run ever made on a western line for this distance.

The following are some of the Pittsburg blacksmiths who went to the fair last evening: Samuel McAfee, W. Keel, George Killen, L. Holder, Frank Girard, William Wattenbee and Frank Opely. Most of these gentlemen were accompanied by their wives and other members of their families.

Last week the electric light plant at Baltimore, Md., burned and since that time a great deal of electrical machinery has left this city to replace that that was destroyed. The last shipment, an 80-light dynamo, was made this morning. The Fort Wayne company also shipped a 750 Wood alternating machine to Kenosha, Wis., this morning.

After five years of continuous work the Buck Tunnel has been completed Wednesday. It is about three miles in length, and saves a distance of ten miles of mountain climbing. It is the Colorado Midland Railway company's line. The cost end of the tunnel is at Buck, 117 miles west of Colorado Springs. The cost of the work was $1,250,000

Foreman John Kreisinger, of the Pittsburg planing mill, has returned from the fair. He reports the crowd in attendance at the exposition very large, and says that hundreds of workers, including some Fort Wayne citizens, were compelled to walk the streets Thursday night, on account of the crowded condition of the hotels and lodging houses.

The Pennsylvania company is apparently in the transportation business for the money there is in it, and not for glory. This accounts for the small number of New Yorkers who went to the fair over the Pennsylvania lines. The New York Central, Lake Shore and several other companies cut the fare below a profitable figure and the Pennsylvania company let them have the business.

It is admitted on all sides that the railways are suffering in common with all the great business interests of the country, but there is some division in opinion, says a large shipper, as to the cause therefor. Some take the position that, aside from reconstructed currency laws, the only relief will come through repeal of the interstate commerce act, while there is another class of equally well informed people, who have had the benefit of years of experience, who argue that the difficulty with the roads does not arise so much from the interstate commerce law itself as from its administration by those whose practical knowledge of railroading is limited.

**DECREASE IN EARNINGS.**

Of forty-two railroads enumerated by the Railway Age only two show an increase of receipts for the last week in September over the same period of last year. The larger lines show the greatest decrease while nearly all the smaller roads either show a slight increase or an insignificant falling off. The Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain system fall off $288,000, the largest of any line enumerated. There are seven Chicago lines in this list and only one of these shows an increase, the Monon, with $12,674. Of course there are a number of lines not enumerated but this is a fair average and shows that railroads with other business enterprises are not in successful financiality as they were a year ago.

## OBITUARY POETRY.

Written in memory of Amelia Ohlion by J. E. Baughman:

Hid beneath the clay's cold pall,
Are Amelia's dear remains;
But her above the lonely tomb
Her loved in the skies.
She was our darling and our pride.
The joy of every heart;
We like a stalk cut at noon eve,
Her death to us proportions.

She came to bless us for a while
With sunshine, love and mirth,
And heart's opine and free from strife
Far pure and not for earth.
She came now with angels bright,
Who met her at the door,
Take look for first our home and sight
With no tears, but no more.

Lines selected by M. A. Summers in memory of George M. Seaborn:

When we are prepared to depart
That we should with such heart
Bid farewell to our friends
Now our whole heart and soul
Is filled with joy and peace
Tell the news to my mother,
Perhaps she may hope to meet
With the dear one departed so.

We hold it is right that I forever
In the home and sweet peace,
Beyond the dark road I travel,
Beyond the joy of peace.
In the crystal Eternal City,
Double crowns never come,
In Heaven and the Hallelujah
Prolonged and hallelujah.

**Hydrophobia**

Dogs transmit it through their teeth. Teeth should be kept free from virus. Use SOZODONT, keep the human teeth clean, and no damage can be done by the man who says to his girl, "I feel like eating you up, dearest."

**Stanton's Photos are the best.**

## FIRST OF THE SEASON.

### Brilliant Reception at Westminster Seminary.

**A Novel Sandfest Party—Setting Up petitions and Other Notable Affairs in Society.**

Westminster threw open its hospitable doors last night and welcomed her many friends in honor of her tenth year. The house was gay with lights and flowers throughout, but Twas in the dining room that the prettiest scene was presented. The decorations were white and green and under the chandelier, trimmed with smilax the table was laid. Mrs Varnelle presided at the Frappe bowl, while the young ladies of the school assisted her in turn

In the room leading from the dining room was Miss Stubbs art display, which consists not only of work done by herself and pupils, in oil, water color and charcoal, but a beautiful display of China of the pupils' work were two paintings by Miss Maudie Turner, of Greenville and two other pieces by Miss Anne Rier, of the same place, which display decided talent and excellent instruction. Miss Dean ladies of the seminary, had a beautiful water color which received much favorable comment. Mrs Stubb has many paintings of her own, but want of space will admit of mention of one only, her piece of lapidary hanging in the dark drawing room. The subject of the sketch is "Fast Whispers of Late," and is treated in so masterly a manner that no one is at a loss to know the cause of the "work-a-day world" to the enchanted land of Venice with her palaces and terraces, her love and intrigue, and catch for a brief moment a word or two that is being said

In the department of figure painting on china Miss Stubb's particularly excels. We notice a beautiful copy of Raleighson's Madonna and child, the Reading Magdalene, after Bottoni, Beyschlag's Psyche, a figure after Gabriel Max and a copy of Edward Bisson's fiance. After admiring Boston, royal Worcester, etc., our eyes catches sight of a beautiful vase with an exquisite Wattean design, and with that charming memory we must leave the art department.

The musical part of the program was begun by a selection on the harp, beautifully rendered by Miss Albert. Miss Margaret Shisler, who possesses such a sweet, exquisitely trained voice then delighted the guests with a novel selection. After the applause had died away, Mrs Wells presented Miss Graham, the instructor in Delsarte, physical culture and oratory, who gave in her delightfully finished manner "A Dialogue From Plato," which was enthusiastically received. Mrs. Rubland rendered a gamble of Dupont with a skill that is not only required, but inborn. Miss Mueller sang a selection from Schubert, which captivated her hearers. This was followed by Miss Gorham's selection, "After the Ball," by Sam Perry. As encore, Miss Gorham gave Rudyard Kipling's "Rivals," which brought back the merry mood dispelled by "After the Ball"

The musical program closed with a most beautiful duet by Miss Margaret and Mr Eliot Shisler. At the conclusion of the program adjourns were made. Thus Mrs. Wells and Miss Sharp have added another delightful triumph to their list.

**SOCIETY GOSSIP.**

Mrs. E. G. Morgenthaler, of Chicago, is in the city.

Dr. and Mrs W. H. Myers and Miss Hallie Clark left today for Chicago.

Miss Jennette Watson has returned to Richmond after a visit in this city.

Miss Dazy Dennison, of South Wayne, is the guest of relatives in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Stanton, the photographers, left today for Chicago to attend the world's fair.

Miss Toodie Grattan, of Piqua, Ohio, will soon be the guest of Mrs. S. B. Brown, of West Berry street.

Mrs. M. V. Pierpoint and little daughter, Camilla, left today to be the guest of her parents at Camden, Ind

Miss Laura O'Day, of Kansas City, will be the guest of Miss Mary Colyum at Westminster Seminary next week.

Mrs J. O. Yeager, of Fairfield, Ohio, who has been the guest of her sister, Miss Julia Emanuel, returned home today.

Mrs. F. D. Bohnn, of No 481 South Harrison street, is entertaining her parents, Mr. and Mrs Winnes, of Jackson, Mich.

Arrangements are being made for a reception to be given at the studio of the Student's Art league some time next week

Mrs. Tony Gerard and daughter, May, returned to their home in Grand Rapids after a pleasant visit in this city with Mr. Gerard's parents.

At 4:30 o'clock next Wednesday, at Emanuel's Lutheran church, will be solemnized the marriage of Mr. Ed Kuchn and Miss Anna Jacobs

Mrs. C. McPherson, of Ottawa, Ont and Mrs. A. A. Tucker (Cora Ott) are visiting their brother, Prof. T. L. Stapler, president of the International Business college

Mrs. Gertie Adams and Mrs Eva Cavanough have gone to South Bend, where they were called by the death of E. J. Mahony, which occurred at that city on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells Hatterley have returned from Chicago and are now entertaining Mr and Mrs Henry Parr and Miss Thomas Parr all of Cleveland, Ohio

Last evening Mr Fred Bell and West Washington street, celebrated the fifty sixth anniversary of his birth by entertaining about twenty of his friends at an enjoyable game of cards

The engagement of Miss Mary Walbrock, daughter of a well known family, and Mr George Nickter has been announced. The wedding will take place on Thanksgiving day, which falls on November 30 this year.

An entertainment will be given at Standard hall tomorrow evening by the members of the K'Nut Birds in honor of the fifteenth anniversary of the organization of that order. A musical program will be rendered and supper will be served.

A very jolly nutting party, composed of Misses Mary M. Donald, Cecilia Hughes, Lulu Barrows, Gertrude Morris, Julia Smyser, and Madges Cantlin, Hughes, Kendall Parlman, George Donald, Ralph Varnelle and Guy Bell, spent this day at Bachelor's creek west of the city.

A party of merry unsuspecting people unduly surprised Frank Shaw at his home on Fourth street, Wednesday evening in honor of the eighteenth anniversary of his birthday. Refreshments were served at 12 o'clock. Those present were Misses Katie Conley, Myrtle Conley, Alice Fitzgerald, Nellie Shaw, Gusie Knight, Nellie Donnegan, Sophia Spanley, Katie Beck, Amelia Zimmerman, Margie Motherwell, Grace Dreese, Eva Buttenghan, and Messrs. John Sheppheard, Theodore Giller, Arthur Conley, George Eastern, John Lipzett, Will Kemp, Michael Motherwell, Will Fitzgerald, Andy McKinney, Otto Stroebel, Frank Shaw and Charles Stelce.

A very novel entertainment and one which has not been tried by the young people of this city before was that in which a number of young ladies participate last afternoon. It is known as a war dance and is certainly very delightful. The Misses Grace Montgen, Eva and Kate Beebe, Lillian Ash, Jennie Crighton, Alice Crane, Bessie McCracken and Helen Sagner chaperoned by Mrs A. W. Eckard, drove to New Haven in empty wagons with Mr. L. A. Mangen. While waiting for the vehicles to be filled with sandfest the young ladies partook of a savory and satisfying lunch preparatory to the return trip. The ride home on the sandfest was the jolliest part of it all, and that which gives the entertainment its name.

At the Y. M. C. A. hall this evening one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season will be given. On the occasion Mr. Dyved Lewys, the famous tenor of London, who has been engaged to sing with Patti this season and next, will participate in the following program assisted by a number of prominent local artists:

Vocal Selection ..... Mabel Bonnell
Violin Solo—Fantasie Caprice ..... Paganini
Mr. Dyved Lewys.
Duet—Lucia ..... Donizetti
Mrs. Hodgson and Mr. Dyved Lewys.
Violin Solo—Scotch Fantasie ..... Max Bruch
Mr. Hodgson.
Vocal Selection ..... Mabel Bonnell
Recitation—Lucy Gray ..... Wordsworth
Mrs. Hodgson.
Violin Solo—Souvenir de Moscow ..... Wieniawski
Mr. Hodgson.
Duet—"Thanks to My Mother" ..... Ambrose Thomas
Mrs. Hodgson and Mr. Dyved Lewys.
Violin Solo—Sonata ..... Mr. Hodgson
Vocal Selection ..... Mabel Bonnell
Recitation—"Lucy Gray" ..... Wordsworth
Mrs. Hodgson.
Violin Solo—"Sunshine in the Room" ..... Mr. Hodgson
Duet—"Good Night" ..... Bishop
Mrs. Hodgson and Mr. Dyved Lewys

# ROOT & COMPANY,

## TOMORROW'S TEMPTING OFFERINGS.

## TOWELS!

The greatest bargain in town

**12 1-2c**

For a nice bleached Damask Towel 38 inches long, 18 wide, knotted fringes, borders in all White and Colors.

## HANDKERCHIEFS!

Good enough to buy and lay away for the coming holidays

**16c.**

Very prettily embroidered, all White, some hemstitched, some with edges worth 35c, 30c, 25c and 20c.

## CAMELS HAIR CLOTH

Received yesterday and selling rapidly

**80c**

50 inches wide in the prettiest shades of the season. Spot cash picked this bargain up. The price and the width makes a good dress very cheap.

Goods sold on close margins, one price to all. No discounts to any one. Everybody treated alike.

# ROOT & COMPANY.


The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY OCT. 21, 18[illegible]

**Persons Desiring THE DAILY SENTINEL served at their homes can secure it by postal card, request, or order through telephone 173. Where delivery is irregular or late, please make immediate complaint to the Office.**


**Send In the News.**

The SENTINEL is always glad to get news of a personal or social character. Do you know any news? Is anybody visiting you? Are you going to visit anybody, or about to leave on a trip? Do you know of any social gatherings, marriages, births, or in short anything about yourself or others that would be an item of news? If so, write it down and send it to The SENTINEL. If received at this office by noon, it will be published on the same day.

**FRESH LOCAL LINES.**

J. B. Wallace of Erie, Pa., is at the Randall.

John Baget, of Lima, Ohio, was at the Randall last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Haebel and children have gone to the fair.

The Hibernians will hold an important meeting tomorrow afternoon.

Frank Fink, of East Jefferson street, is confined to his home by illness.

Burt Card, who has been visiting his brother Frank returned home today.

M. E. Ayers will soon take up his residence on his farm in Madison township.

Theo. Bowser and wife of Perry township, have returned from a visit to the fair.

Hiram Mane, who was visiting Dr. J. M. Shutt, has returned to his home at Marion, Ind.

Messrs. Colagen and Bond, two well known wheelmen, went to Wabash on their bikes today.

Mr. William Bushing, of Wallace street, who was visiting friends at Chicago, has returned home.

John Waters and William Langhan, from near the state line, are in the city to close up a real estate deal.

Ex Policeman Jack Kennelly will have charge of a saloon which opens at 2[illegible] Calhoun street this evening.

Mrs. D. Waterson, Mrs. A. Anderson, Mrs. Charles Zeigler and Mrs. S. Zeigler will leave tonight for a week's stay at the fair.

Abraham DeLong, of Allison, Butler county, Iowa, is visiting his relatives in Perry township. He has grown wealthy in the west.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Waters, of Antwerp, Ohio, are in the city visiting Mrs. Waters' brother, Dr. John J. M. Shutt, of Lake Side.

Mrs. Dr. Metcalf and son, Brice, have, for the past several days, been visiting at the home of Martin V. Metcalf, in Perry township.

Mrs. George Freebe, Mrs. Jos. Curry, Mrs. George Franz and Mrs. Joseph Sunderland have returned from a week's visit to the world's fair.

The price on men's suits in the 6th [illegible] Clothing house advertisement yesterday should have read $15 a suit instead of $25, which was a typographical error.

Mrs. Robinson and Miss Maley, who were visiting Mrs. J. Hanley, of Wallace street, returned to their home at Wellsville, Ohio, this morning on No. 1.

Frank Reynolds was a drunken traveling man arrested by Officer Peppert last evening in front of the Central hotel. This morning Mayor Zollinger sent him to jail for fifteen days.

A friend of THE SENTINEL writes asking why the police do not raid saloons which are connected with assignation houses. Possibly the chief of police and city authorities could better answer the question.

Wednesday evening Superintendent Alex Johnson, of the Fort Wayne Feeble-minded school, turned over to State Auditor Henderson the total earnings of the school for the past year, amounting to $667.44.

Through the efforts of our trustee, M. A. Ferguson and Supervisor Barney Hetzert, of Washington township the Columbia road from Wayne to Lake township and two miles of branch road are graveled and is a free gravel road.

The Isaac Knapp Dental Coterie met last evening at the office of Dr. J. S. McCurdy, with a large number in attendance. The paper of the evening was read by Dr. M. A. Mason. The next meeting will be held at the office of Dr. H. C. Sites, Friday evening, November 3.

A few days ago at the Adams Express company's office in this city, a package containing $500 was found to be missing. The package was thought to be stolen but has turned up all right. The messenger in emptying his sack neglected or failed to reach the bottom and the money was carried to Alliance and there discovered.

Charles B. Beaver, agent of the United States and Pacific Express companies, is in receipt of the Express Gazette for October. The publication contains a highly ludicrous illustration of proposed plans for resisting train robbers. An entire railway train is shown loaded down with cannon, dynamite bombs, gatling guns and other arms. The conductor and engineer are clothed in armor and are standing by with a confident mein waiting for an attack.

Last evening between 7 and 8 o'clock several electric wires in the city became entangled and for an hour no calls were answered from the telephone headquarters. The Western Union wire which runs down the alley back of the postoffice dropped and hung across the driveway leading from the postoffice. Into this the mail wagon was driven and the old horse received a shock which knocked him down, but did not injure him in any way. The same wire fell immediately in front of a residence back of a saloon opposite the police station and a lady in stepping out of the house collided with the wire and received a shock that knocked her down. The shock was only a slight one.

Always the LOWEST In Price!

# THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Always the LOWEST In Price!

# THE GREAT POPULAR CLOAK HOUSE OF FORT WAYNE.

All our preparations for the Fall and Winter Cloak business are now complete, and, as a result, we now display the Largest, Richest and Most Exclusive Stock of Cloaks ever exhibited in the city; we cannot begin to describe the numberless styles offered, only a personal inspection will do them justice. You can't afford to buy a Cloak till you have seen the magnificent line we offer. Come and visit our Cloak Room now and see for yourself how we are making the town talk about our Cloaks.

**No Old Styles, Every Cloak Entirely New, Prices Lower Than Anywhere Else. ☞ THIS IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR CLOAKS ☜**

No. 22[illegible]. Ladies' Beaver Jacket Good Quality Material, 32 Inches Long, Colors Black and Navy, Sizes 32 to 41.
Ask to see this Number

**Price, $7.50.**

No Old Style Cloaks Shown Here.
Every Garment Bright and New.
Prices ALWAYS the LOWEST.

No. 22[illegible]. Ladies' Jacket, Half Light Fitting, Demi Umbrella Sack, 32 Inches long, Colors Black, Navy and Tan, Sizes 32 to 41.
Ask to see this number.

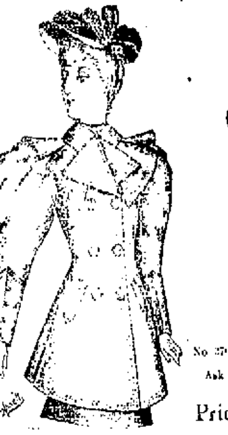
**Price, $10.00.**

Do you find it difficult to get fitted in a Cloak? Try us. We have Short Waisted Jackets, Long Waisted Jackets, Short Sleeve Jackets, Long Sleeve Jackets, Styles without number.

No. 25[illegible]. Ladies' Beaver Cape Braid and Fur Trimmed, Colors Tan, Brown and Black.
Ask to see this Number

**Price, $10.00.**

No Old Style Cloaks Shown Here. Every Garment Bright and New. Prices ALWAYS the LOWEST.



2171. Ladies' Jacket, Very Fine Quality Stylish Sleeve, Colors Navy, Tan and Black, Sizes 32 to 42
Ask to see this number

**Price, $12.50.**

Do you find it difficult to get fitted in a Cloak? Try us. We have Short Waisted Jackets, Long Waisted Jackets, Short Sleeve Jackets, Long Sleeve Jackets, Styles without number.

No. 270. Child's Garment, Good Quality Mixed Cloth.
Ask to see this number.

Prices, 4 yrs., $3.75.
6 yrs., $4.00.
8 yrs., $4.50.
10 yrs., $5.00.
12 yrs., $5.50.
14 yrs., $6.00

No Old Style Cloaks Shown Here. Every Garment Bright and New. Prices ALWAYS the LOWEST.

No. 2330. Ladies' Jackets Fine Quality Beaver 34 Inches long, Sizes 32 to 41.
Ask to see this number.

**Price, $15,00.**

Do you find it difficult to get fitted in a Cloak? Try us. We have Short Waisted Jackets, Long Waisted Jackets, Short Sleeve Jackets, Long Sleeve Jackets, Styles without number.

# FURS, WARM FURS, POPULAR FURS!

As far back as last June we began to look at Furs. The merchant who bought his Furs last June, controls the Fur market today, because Furs touched the Lowest Price Notch at that time.

**WE BOUGHT ALL OUR FURS LAST JUNE. We have**

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Black Hare Capes, 20 inches Long, at $3.75. | Electric Seal Capes, 22 inches Long, at $10.00. | Wool Seal Capes, 20 inches Long, at $10.00. | Coney Capes, with Derby Collar, at $12.50. | Beaver Capes, 22 inches Long, at $25.00. | Astrachan Military Capes, 30 inches Long, at $20.00. |
| Black Coney Capes, 20 inches Long, at $5.00. | Astrachan Capes, 20 inches Long, at $7.50. | Fine Monkey Capes, 22 inches Long, at $14.50. | Astrachan Capes, 24 inches Long, at $12.50. | Coney Military Capes, 30 inches Long, at $15.00. | Muffs, in All Kinds of Furs, to Match. |

**THIS IS THE PLACE TO BUY YOUR CLOAKS AND FURS.**

ONE PRICE TO ALL. **THE - PEOPLE'S - STORE.** Best Lighted Store in the City.


Use Bloomingdale Mills White Loaf patent flour. Best in the market. Every sack guaranteed. Sold by all first-class dealers. 9tf

Call on Madame Wing, the only reliable fortune teller and clairvoyant in the world. Office and residence, 23 Chicago street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Price 50 cents. 4tf

**For the finest family flour try Tresselt's Silver Dollar Patent. Ask for it at your grocery.** 23tf

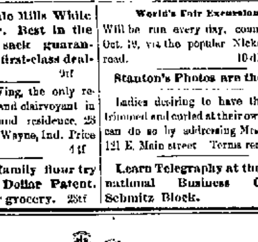
**World's Fair Excursions**

Will be run every day, commencing Oct. 19, via the popular Nickel Plate road. 10-d13tw41

**Stanton's Photos are the best.**

Ladies desiring to have their hair trimmed and curled at their own homes, can do so by addressing Mrs. L. M., 121 E. Main street. Terms reasonable.

**Learn Telegraphy at the International Business College, Schmitz Block.** 7tf

Today is New York City Day at the World's Fair. Many prominent New Yorkers will be there, and the event will, no doubt, prove a great success. Not equal however, to our sale of clothing. Every day it proves a Jumbo attraction. Pleasing in the highest degree. It has merits peculiarly its own. A moment spent with us proves it. A warm welcome is extended to you. No pressure to purchase. We know you'll buy, though. Our clothing is irresistible. Show your sense and save your cents by dealing with us. Goods selected by experts from the marts of the world. We can astonish your eyes. We tickle your pocketbook tenderly. See our gorgeous display of clothing for men, boys and little boys.

## A Word on Men's Clothing.

Its very amusing to us to read the advertisements of certain clothing houses in this city in which they invariably claim to sell the FINEST CLOTHING ON EARTH. There's nothing like claiming enough while you're about it. For ourselves, we only claim to sell as GOOD READY-TO-WEAR CLOTHING as can be shown by any clothing house in this country.

Our assortment of MEN'S SUITS and OVERCOATS this season is superior in SELECTION, STYLE and FINISH to any we have ever shown and prices were never so low for GOOD CLOTHING before.

See our Suits, Overcoats and Ulsters, at $10, $12, $15, $18, $20. You have never seen their equal at the price.

## Boys' Fashionable Clothing.

That famous Smith, Gray & Co. clothing that exceeds all others in goodness. See the line of Suits and Overcoats at $2, $3, $4, $5 and $6.

# Sam, Pete & Max.

This morning C. L. Daugherty, an Indianapolis bicyclist, arrived in Fort Wayne on route for Toledo. Mr. Dougherty rides an Orleans wheel. He left Indianapolis on Wednesday.

A stirring romance of the yellow back series has been written about the Kessler train robbers. Hereafter Hoosier youths inclined for the frontier may conclude to stay right here at home and fight train robbers and other robbers.

**Oysters for this, Saturday Afternoon**

Large shipment of those nice Baltimore Oysters at the reduced price.

Best Selects, 25c, Standards, 20c can.

Best Celery, 25c bunch.

Best Cape Cod Cranberries, 10c quart.

PAGE HOUSE.

**The One Dollar grade of Mother's Friend Shirt Waists for 50c, Monday, at THE GLOBE.**

**New Malaga Grapes.**

First Shipment New Malaga Grapes, 12c lb.

1,000 Baskets New York State Concord Grapes, Fresh and Nice, 17c basket

California Tokay Grapes, 12½c lb.

PAGE HOUSE.

**Cheap Reading Matter.**

2,000 Pocket Seaside Libraries almost given away.

10c and 15c Books for 5c.

20c and 25c Books for 10c.

50c Books for 25c.

STONY & HEITZE R,
116 Calhoun street.

**Recruiting for the Army.**

For years the army [illegible] the last resort for the unemployed, but in the present emergency even this [illegible] Uncle Sam will accept only the best [illegible] recruits [illegible] paying times [illegible] and the marine [illegible]

The requirements for admission to the army are that a man must be between the ages of 21 and 35 years, not under 5 [illegible]

[illegible] feet [illegible] inches [illegible] less than 128 pounds [illegible] more than 190 pounds [illegible] He must [illegible] The [illegible] from [illegible] $13 [illegible] which [illegible]

[illegible] smoke the Red Cross, the [illegible] cigar sold in the city.

## PLENTY OF WHEAT.

**The Chicago Exchange Paralyzed by the Quantities.**

**As a Result the Price of the Cereal Drops and Sellers are Numerous on the Markets.**

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—Paralysis struck the wheat pit today at the size of the receipts in the northwest, 1,310 cars. It was a sick specimen of a market the rest of the day. Before this New York had wired that its stock of wheat would increase a million. Indications were also that the increase in the visible supply Monday would be 3,000,000 bushels or over. A feature was the selling of May by commission houses. The corn crowd watched wheat and were governed by it.

**Chicago Markets.**

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—Closing 1.15 p.m.—Wheat, Oct., 61½c; Dec., 63¼c; May, 70¼@70½c.

Corn, Nov., 35½@35¾c; Dec., 37¼@37⅜c; May, 41¼c.

Oats, Nov., 27¾c; Dec. 27¾c; May, 31¾c.

Pork, Oct., $16.75; Jan., $14.30.

Lard, Oct., $9.82; Jan., $8.40.

Ribs, $9.00, Jan., $7.42½.

**Union Stock Yards Market.**

UNION STOCK YARDS, Ill., Oct. 21.—Cattle, receipts, 1,500, of which 1,000 were Texans and westerns; steady, everything sold, shipments, 1,000; top steers $5.00@5.50, mediums, $4.25@5.25, good, $3.80@4.85, others, $1.25@4.75, Texans $2.50@3.60, western $3@4.15.

Hogs, receipts, 8,000, shipments 8,000; active; rough and common $5.90@6.10, mixed and packers $6.20@6.40, prime, $6, butcher weights, $6.50@6.70, prime light, $6.70@6.75.

Sheep and lambs, receipts, 1,500, prime native, $4@4.70, good to choice $3.75@4.00; wool, ewes and wethers $3@3.25; prime lambs, $4.50@5.00, others $3@4.25.

**Toledo Markets.**

TOLEDO, Oct. 21.—Wheat dull; lower. No. 2 cash and Oct. 6[illegible]c; Dec. 6[illegible]c; May, 71[illegible]c.

Corn, dull. No. 2 cash 40[illegible]c.

Oats, quiet. cash 2[illegible]c.

Rye, steady. cash 47c.

Cloverseed, [illegible] prime cash and Oct., nominal at $[illegible]; Jan., $[illegible].

**New York Market.**

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—Wheat No. 2 red, opened [illegible] lower on weak cables and foreign selling dropping off [illegible] more later. Dec., 70 7-16@ [illegible] May, [illegible]

Rye, dull, western [illegible] 55@[illegible]

Corn, No. 2 [illegible] May, [illegible]

Oats, No. 2 [illegible] heavy [illegible] western, 3[illegible]@41c.

Beef, dull, extra mess $9.00.

Pork, firm, new mess $19.75; family, $20.00@20.50, extra prime, $16@16.15.

Lard, dull; $[illegible]

The American Express company's Travelers' Cheques are cashed on World's Fair grounds and at 250 hotels and banks in Chicago. Your own signature identifies you. Apr1[illegible]m

A fine line of Fall and Winter Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings at prices to suit the times.

PERRY N. DE HAVEN,
[illegible] 34 E. Berry St.

Don't miss that Boys' Shirt Waist Sale Monday. $1.00 Waists for 50c.

THE GLOBE.

**"PICNIC" SALE Of Boys' Shirt Waists.**

**The $1.00 grade Mother's Friend Waist for 50c, Monday, at THE GLOBE.**

The Red Cross 5c cigar is as good as any 10c cigar. Call for it.

**Interesting contest at Library Hall tonight.** 21tf

**The Western Fruit Company will keep open until 9 o'clock this evening.**

# A NEW DEPARTURE!

Something That Will Benefit the Public in General.

## PIC-NIC SALES!

Beginning Monday, Oct. 23rd, the Globe Clothing House will inaugurate a series of special one-day sales which will be known as PICNIC SALES, and which will give the people of Fort Wayne and vicinity a regular "Picnic of Bargains."

The prices advertised for goods in these sales will be for one day only, and every day you will find a different article on sale. We have a special counter prepared for these sales and will make it well worth your while to visit it daily.

Monday, Oct 23 we start the sale with 25 dozen

## Mother's Friend Shirt Waists!

The very best grade in white and colors. Regular price $1.00.

**Picnic Price, 50c,**

All sizes, 1 to 14.

This price for Monday, Oct. 23rd, only.

Globe

Corner Calhoun and Main Streets.

For nobby goods go to the only Exclusive Cloak house in Fort Wayne

# V. GUTERMUTH'S,

52 1-2 Calhoun Street.

**Wanted.**

Ladies and gentlemen to sell our goods. We pay salary or commission. We also want managers for all towns and cities. Goods new; liberal terms. Union Manufacturing Company, 21 Arcade building, Fort Wayne. 19t6

# MEYER BROS. & CO.,

Druggists,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

# IMPERIAL CROWN BAKING POWDER,

WARRANTED PURE.

In Pound Cans, 25c.
In Halves, 13c.

Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts.

**THE NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR.**
**MISS E. RODENBECK**
—DEALER IN—
**HAIR GOODS**
Hair Dress and Cosmetics.
Hair Dressing and Shampooing.
**No. 10 East Washington Street.**

**A Dollar Saved is a Dollar Earned.**

Save money and have your Furniture Repaired and your Carpets Cleaned by

**LONG & VOGLER,**
**Practical Upholsterers,**
**28 Clinton Street.**

Try our system for cleaning heavy carpets and rugs at residence; makes the carpet bright and soft as new. Satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible]

## A $20,000 Bed Chamber.

At the World's Fair there is on exhibition an ideal bedroom. It is exquisitely furnished in white enamel, blue and gold, and decorated with pale pink cupids and garlands.

Do you suppose you would sleep any better there than in one of your own cosy rooms on one of our handsome beds that goes with the finest oak bedroom suits.

When you get a hair mattress of us you get one just so good you cant make it any better—for a $20,000 bed couldn't have a better mattress than our bed has—and the mattress is the bed after all. Bear this in mind. We sell lower than the lowest.

Just now we are going to sell the finest oak bedroom suits ever brought to this city, at prices that will take them quick, and every suit is a bargain. Glad to have you call early and often.

# CHICAGO FURNITURE CO.,

109 Calhoun Street.

**Open Evenings.**

**MRS. IDA KELLOGG-LLOYD,**

Teacher of Voice Culture. Voices tried free of charge, Tuesdays and Fridays. Particular attention given to voice building. Terms [illegible] For [illegible] call on or address [illegible] 35 DOUGLAS AVE.

**BROADWAY HARDWARE STORE.**

STOVES, TIN AND HARDWARE.

All kinds of Tin work and Stove work promptly and carefully done.

**BANISTER SCHOOL OF MUSIC**
**49 West Berry St.,**
**Fort Wayne, Indiana.**

This School of Voice Culture and Instrumental Music begins its fifth year Monday, Sept. 4th, 1893. Pupils will please enter as early as possible.

Mrs. L. Webb Banister, Principal.

## TOMORROW.

White Fish, Mackinaw Trout, Yellow Pickerel, Pike, Pan Fish, Blue Fish, Flounders, Fresh Cod, Haddock, Oregon Salmon, Sturgeon, Lobsters, Live and Boiled Clams, Shell Oysters, Oysters in Bulk and Cans.

# LEWIS' FISH AND OYSTER MARKET,

Telephone No. 451 No. 28 Harrison St.